VOL. CCXIX. No. 2859
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THE SPHERE
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NOVEMBER 27, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SECTION IN THIS ISSUE

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On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

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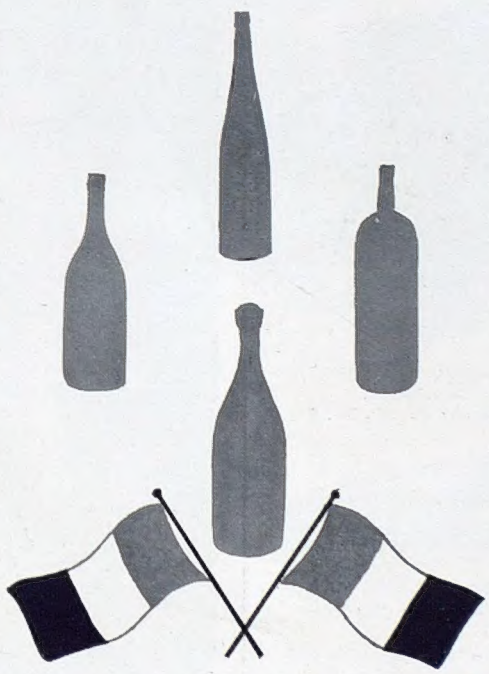
Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.



LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

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Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

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From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

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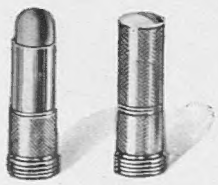

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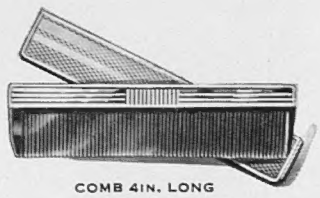

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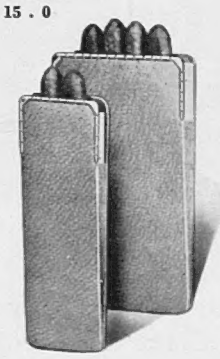

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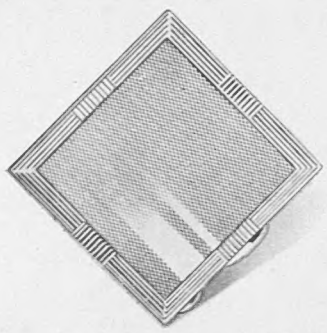

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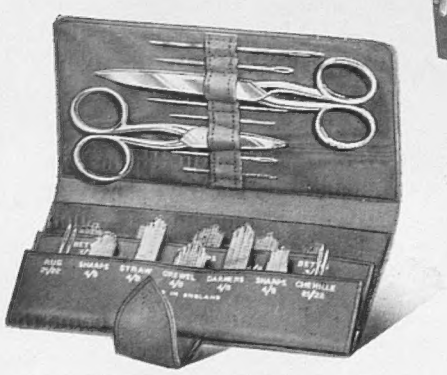

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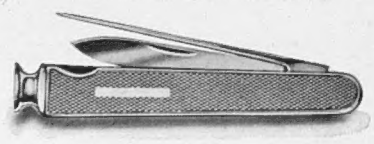

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100% PURE COFFEE *with the biggest sale of any instant coffee in the world*

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IT'S SOCIETY'S NEWEST GAME—

Kenneth Konstam writes: "It will appeal to Bridge players, to Canasta players and to the large number of card players who have long been searching for a game in which the ingredients of luck and skill are carefully apportioned"

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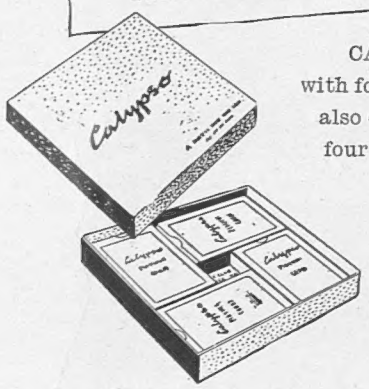

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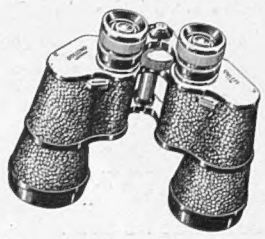

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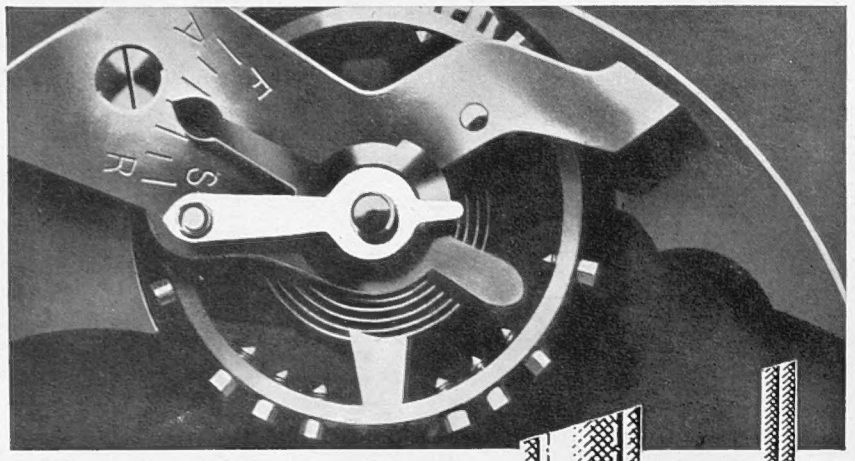

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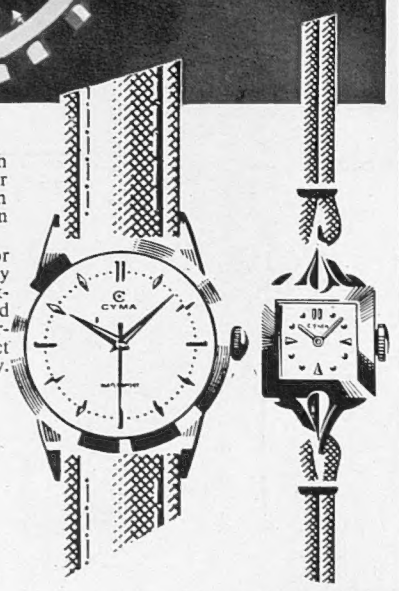

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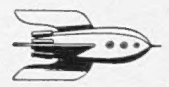

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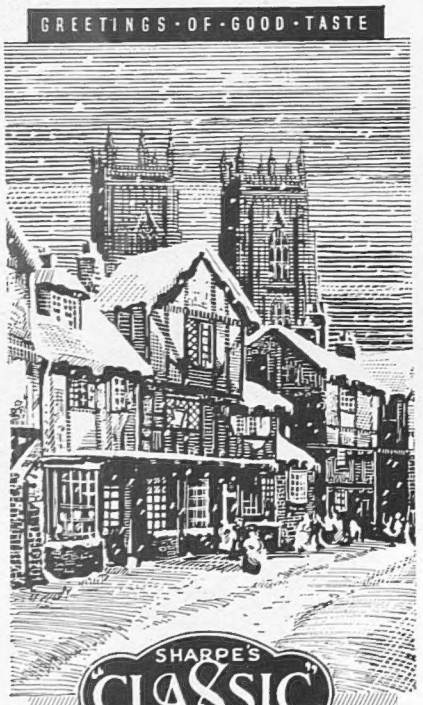

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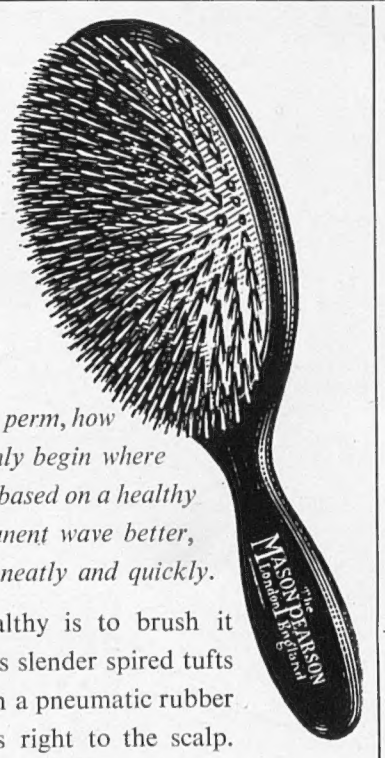
BRUSH

New beauty into your hair



No matter how expensive the perm, how charming the style, the hairdresser can only begin where you leave off. A beautiful coiffure must be based on a healthy head of hair. Healthy hair takes a permanent wave better, keeps a permanent wave longer and sets neatly and quickly.

The surest way to keep your hair healthy is to brush it regularly with a Mason Pearson. With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristle, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores.

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And these are Gordon's too ...

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Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.

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The finest Pens - the Greatest Value

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Cinzano, the very name feels good on the tongue! This is real vermouth prepared from grapes grown specially for the purpose and enriched by a recipe famous for more than 100 years. Cinzano RED, of course, is now firmly established, amongst those who know, as the perfect vermouth. Cinzano WHITE is new to this country. It has a special and intriguing flavour difficult to describe but sheer delight to enjoy.

Drink Cinzano RED or WHITE on its own to savour its bouquet, fullness and subtle flavour. But if you want to use either for cocktails, you'll find that both are grand mixers in any way you choose.

A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT

The Cinzano Gift *case contains one large bottle of Cinzano Dry and one of Cinzano Sweet; a book of cocktail recipes; a bunch of cocktail sticks and a handsome cocktail shaker. Attractively wrapped for Christmas.*

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GENUINE VERMOUTH

SWEET: WHITE OR RED FROM ITALY 17/- *per bottle*
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There are also ½ bottles at 9/- and 9/6 respectively.

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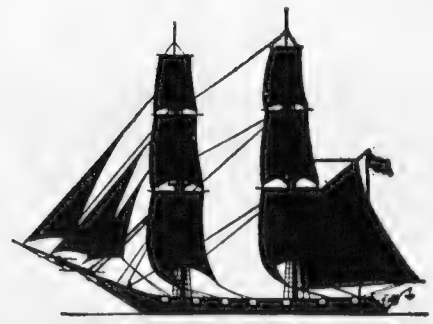
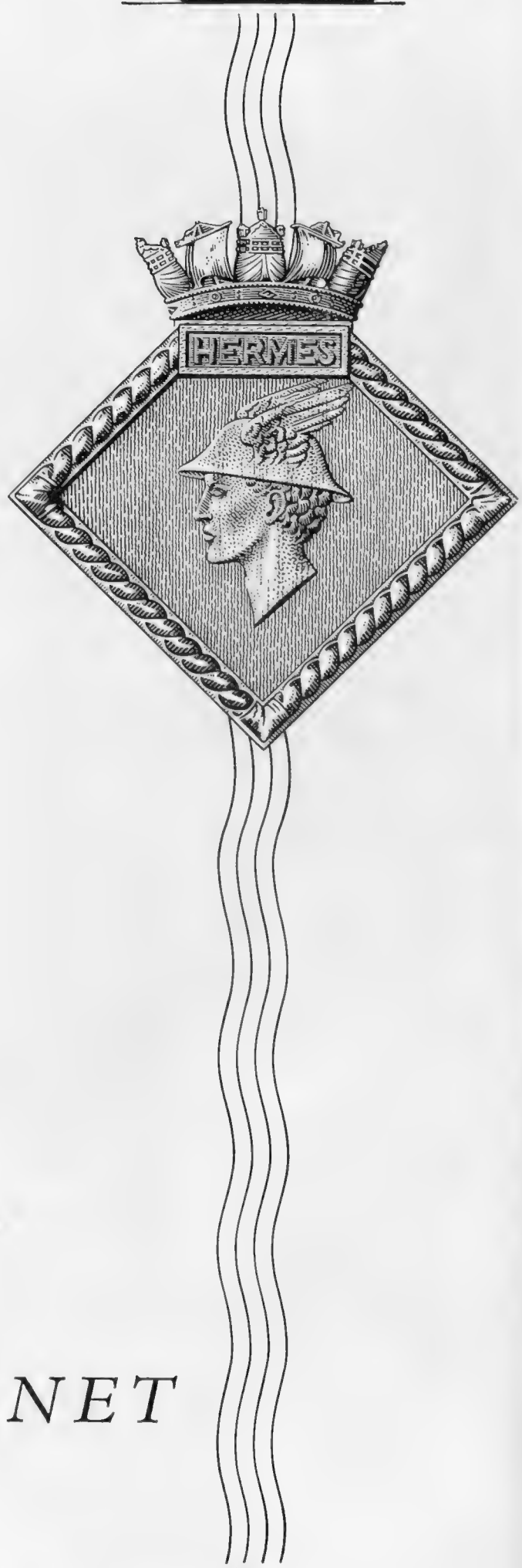


H.M.S. HERMES

The name *Hermes* for a warship goes back to 1796 when a brig-rigged sloop of 14 guns was captured from the Dutch as the Mercurius, and then re-named. The first aircraft carrier to bear the name served the Fleet Air Arm through its formative years and well into the second world war.

The new 20,000 ton Intermediate Fleet Carrier *Hermes* is of the new class equipped with 'angled deck' and steam catapult—these British inventions being the most important modern developments in deck flying. As with her predecessor, Fairey aircraft will be with the Fleet operating from the new *Hermes*.

Crown copyright of the badge of H.M.S. Hermes *is reserved and reproduction is made by permission of the Admiralty and H.M. Stationery Office.*



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Volume CCXIX No. 2859 The SPHERE, London, November 27, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

TWO LEADERS WITH NEW MISSIONS—ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN CALLS ON COLONEL NASSER IN CAIRO DURING HIS FAREWELL TOUR OF MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES: Admiral Mountbatten, who is leaving his post as Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean to become First Sea Lord, with Colonel Abdul Gamal Nasser, who has just been declared Head of State in Egypt. Earl Mountbatten had flown to Cairo from Ankara with Countess Mountbatten, who visited a number of hospitals in Egypt.

Two outstanding personalities whose conduct of affairs in their different spheres will be followed with keenest interest in the near future met briefly in Cairo at the end of last week. Admiral Earl Mountbatten, accompanied by his wife, visited Egypt during his tour of Mediterranean countries before relinquishing his command of the Mediterranean Fleet to become First Sea Lord. He met the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, on the very day that it was announced that the powers of President of Egypt had been vested in the Revolutionary Council, and that the Prime Minister would assume the functions of Head of State. Admiral Mountbatten succeeds to the highest post open to a British naval officer at a time when the Royal Navy's effectiveness in modern warfare is called into question. Colonel Nasser assumes supreme command in Egypt at a time when that country must review her political and strategic position as the result of the withdrawal of British troops from the Canal Zone. Both men will have the critical eyes of their countries, and of the world, upon them as they embark on their new missions.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.

THE PILGRIMS HONOUR DR. FISHER

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IS THE GUEST OF HONOUR AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE PILGRIMS IN LONDON: He is seen with the Earl of Halifax, who presided at the dinner. The occasion came a few weeks after Dr. Fisher's return from an extensive tour of the United States and Canada, where he had attended several meetings, including the Anglican Congress at Minneapolis and the World Council of Churches at Evanston. A message from the Pilgrims of the United States, which was read at the dinner, referred to Dr. Fisher as "one of the eminent figures of the Christian world."

GUESTS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: Sir Campbell Stuart (right), Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Pilgrims, seen in conversation with the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich (centre), and the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. N. A. Robertson.

YEHUDI MENUHIN MEETS THE RUSSIANS

THE AMERICAN VIOLINIST ENTERTAINS THE VISITING RUSSIAN MUSICIANS: With him are the Russian composer Aram Khachaturyan (left) and David Oistrakh, violinist, whom Menuhin first met in Moscow nine years ago. They are in this country in connection with the Anglo-Soviet Friendship month. Khachaturyan, who is one of the most popular composers and conductors in the Soviet Union, was the guest of the Hallé Orchestra at their concert last week-end, when his "Gayaneh" suite was performed. Oistrakh, a Professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, began his concert career at the age of eighteen.

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Still Going Strong.—I wish to be punctual in my congratulations to our Premier on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, though I realise that that event will not "pass unnoticed"; on the contrary, it has been making a stir for weeks past. So I offer my humble tribute to No. 1 Citizen of the World before the birthday. Next week I should be too late. What shall I say of his astonishing career, how can I add a new or telling sentence to the vast literature in his praise? Gladstone wore his harness at a still older age. Sir Winston is still "a mere boy" in public life compared with the 1st Earl of Halsbury, and there are other remarkable instances of longevity in public life and of the ridiculing by individuals of the Psalmist's age-limit and warnings. But I doubt whether in all history one other man can be cited who has carried as great a weight of responsibility and borne the burden with withers so unwrung. If frightful responsibility is a shortener of life (as scores of instances suggest among military leaders in two world wars), Sir Winston is as unique a giant physically, as mentally he is outstanding. Hard work, perhaps, never killed anybody, unless it was hard manual work. Innumerable interests and facile versatility no doubt slow down mental decay, and Sir Winston has the versatility of a Leonardo. His has been a life of perpetual strife and controversy in peace and in war. He has risen and fallen, taken some false steps and retrieved them, given and received hard knocks. For he was ever a fighter.

> One who never turned his back but marched breast-forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Held we sink to swim, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

The nation slept while he kept watch. His prophecies and warnings were cold-shouldered, and at the eleventh hour we woke to their wisdom and rightness, and when the burning minute broke at last, there was only one choice of pilot to weather the storm: all his career had been a training for the task. For much of his active life he has been a personage, well known, disliked, feared or admired, in and outside his own country. By 1940 he had ceased to be a national and had become a world figure, as after 1815 Wellington became. By 1945 no claims for the greatness of his achievements for civilisation could be regarded as excessive. Yet in that very year his own nation rejected him, and it seemed that the era of the little men had come to stay. But he was to have one more opportunity to set a pinnacle on his crown, and in the last four years he has shown that the arts of peace can be no less renowned than war's. In war and peace he has saved the nation from a fate "worse than death"—slavery and bankruptcy. Still the little dogs are sometimes inclined to snap at the heels of the ageing lion. But this old lion can still look after himself and can have no doubts that he *is* a lion and the king of the forest. History already confirms it and Posterity will endorse it.

Reform of Jury System.—Many new ideas on the Judicature have come from the L.C.J. His plea for the reform of the jury system is timeous. For to-day the existing rules waste more time and waste time less easily spared than formerly. A jury of twelve men and women in these days of ideo- everything are to be likened rather to an awkward herd being driven to market than to a flock of sheep. Certainly there are more failures to agree on a verdict than formerly. In a murder trial it is quite likely that the jury will contain one utterly opposed to capital punishment (at heart at least) who, in consequence, may not care to record a verdict of guilty on the evidence, whatever might be the judge's sentence. A jury of seven worked well enough in the war years and might well be adopted for the lesser crimes tried by juries. It is unlikely that a small jury would ever be allowed in a capital charge, but even in a capital charge a majority verdict, if overwhelmingly large (nine to three at least, Lord Goddard suggests), would surely see justice done and eliminate the obstruction of the crank against the weight of evidence. With juries of seven, unanimity would be necessary, of course, but the saving of time and manpower would still be enormous, a 40 per cent. saving. One other saving of time and money was suggested—powers to the judge to allow a case to proceed with ten or eleven jurors in the case of sudden illness. With the Court of Criminal Appeal and, if appropriate, the House of Lords, and the Home Secretary at last to see "justice" done, all these reforms seem reasonably safe to-day

Pensions and Party Tactics.—The Party system is a necessary and usually approved institution of our political system, but there are occasions when the parties' tactics look as ugly as, if a little more "civilised" than, in Egypt. In foreign policy, at least on vital issues, it is usual for the British parties to make no party-political capital. It might be felt proper that in according justice to old age, war and other deserving pensioners in a Welfare State, the same abstention from purely party scores might be observed It was not so on the eve of the West Derby by-election. This was a marginal seat, and the need for a stimulant was made obvious early in the campaign. The Socialists were first in the field and their humanity and sympathy with the aged and oppressed deceived nobody. It was smart party tactics. The Tories could not let it pass. They countered by sending down a by-election promise of more immediate attention to this grievance than the full examination of all the logistics, in their opinion, required. Thus it was party strategy that brought about with no further delay what is generally regarded as an act of justice. Even if the beneficiaries are satisfied (and they seldom are), this way of doing justice looks rather contemptible and shabby; gives the impression that the party game at election time is stronger and swifter to act than statesmanship or patriotism or justice. The excuse of the politicians is, of course, appreciated: The welfare of the State is paramount, and a Tory (or a Socialist) Government is essential if the nation's welfare is to be preserved! I won't say a plague on both your parties. I can and will say that it did not look pretty. You will judge for yourselves from the West Derby result which side scored in this undignified little game which the Socialists began.

Industrial Revolution II.—As a race we are famous for courage and swift improvisation when trouble or mortal danger knocks on our door. But few nations pay less attention or show so light anxiety when "shadows before" fall over our back garden. So I am perhaps exceptional in having thought deeply and with great interest about the implications of first reports of progress with the conversion of our factories to robot or electronic status. I admit an almost total ignorance of what this "new thing" means, but if, as I assume, it means the substitution of scientific devices for carrying out mechanical tasks to-day performed at bench and stocks by armies of unskilled men and girls, will not this produce an industrial revolution-in-reverse as important as the first? Who will feel its effects? The Government and Minister of Labour, the T.U.s, the Immigration authorities, the Welfare State in all its branches, for certain. What is going to be done for the army of unemployed thrown out of work in ever-increasing tempo by robotism? Will there be a large-scale drift back to the land? Only, surely, in the last resort. A million householders who to-day fight like hungry dogs over a bone for a domestic servant may, if they are optimists, raise their heads and dream of an army of British girls suing for employment as cooks and housemaids. But can optimism at its highest foresee the return of a golden age or envisage a girl of to-day, robbed of a safe £6 a week, putting on again the fetters (and disgrace!) of domestic service at the niggardly wage employers could afford? And what use for giant trade unions when employers of labour in industry can afford to laugh at mass claims by armies now indispensable but hereafter expendable? It will be great days for those who are concerned with the right use of leisure, no doubt. But there will be more headaches and heartaches than dancing and grog in Industrial Revolution II, as I see it; and the shadow before is worth a timeous look and a plan

THE DEATH OF RUSSIA'S U.N. DELEGATE

ANDREI VYSHINSKY—STATESMAN AND PROSECUTOR: Andrei Vyshinsky, leader of the Soviet Delegation at the United Nations died suddenly earlier this week in New York. He is seen above in one of his more cheerful moods with Andrei Gromyko, his possible successor. Vyshinsky, who was seventy-one, had for twenty years been the mouthpiece of Soviet policy. He first became prominent as Public Prosecutor during the great Russian "trials" before the war, through his reiterated cry, "Shoot the mad dogs." After the war Vyshinsky became Russia's chief delegate at the United Nations, and between 1949 and 1953 he was Russia's Foreign Minister. He would argue the Soviet case with vigour and eloquence, but his attitude to the West was as intransigent as that of his Government.

To be a Pilgrim.—The post-prandial oratory of Pilgrim dinners has often (and quite inevitably) proved a feast of bromides and compliments. The latest was of fresh meat washed down with dry champagne. All three principal speakers were good; the Primate was outstanding. He had been making speeches all day and his last forty minutes showed no sign of wear and tear. What he said was strictly in the Pilgrim brief and could not have been bettered. The two great English-speaking nations, he argued, must keep their essential friendship and close co-operation, not by imitating or criticising each other, but by preserving their native characteristics and mutually understanding the individual national character which physical and geographical characteristics create. Of America's contribution to the return to religious faith he spoke only in general terms. Our Bishop (of Chichester), in a recent address to his Diocesan Council, provided some statistics and details which may astonish and shame many who know America through Hollywood's eyes. In the U.S.A., six out of ten persons are on church rolls, Protestant, R.C., Jewish, Orthodox, or what not. That means 60 per cent. of the population in 1953 against 49 per cent. in 1940. A century ago the "churchmen" numbered 16 per cent. only. In Britain to-day the figure of regular church attendants is no higher than 10 per cent. (or 50 per cent. below the U.S.A.). Here, exceptionally, there is something we may usefully emulate in American life, affording nothing for adverse criticism.

"Horribler and Horribler," Said Alice.—It is quite true that a century ago we had "penny dreadfuls" and crude illustrations of "barbarous murders." It is true that many high-minded writers have defended them, but largely, I think, on the ground that their very crudity made them "comic" at least to adult minds, and adult minds in those "bad, old" days controlled the reading of juveniles. (I had to read or hear a Sermon on Sundays in my childhood.) It is said that civilisation and culture have been advancing in the past 100 years, with better education. The experiences of recent wars do not support this happy notion, nor do those of Juvenile Court magistrates. But if culture is not advancing, it ought to do so, and I am not so fierce an adherent of the freedom of the Press as to object to legislative efforts to check the dissemination of filth, horror and beastliness. I quite agree that in the end public opinion is the sole certain reformer of evils, but public opinion grinds slowly, and if the present "couldn't-care-less" of parents on this evil is a microcosm of public opinion, the grinding is going to be altogether too slow to eliminate a real and instant danger. For my part, I hope that the purveyors of commercial pornography, after a fair trial, will pick oakum until they learn the lesson that the corruption of youth does not pay.

Beau Brummell.—I am one of those (few perhaps) who find in strict biography as much, or more, romance than in fiction. There is all I need of it in the volumes of *D.N.B.*, and I confess a distaste and a lack of interest even in those full-dress biographies which reveal scholarship and intense research and yet put the lights and words into their subject's mind and mouth of which there is no confirming evidence. And what the novelist-biographer will do in moderation, the film-writer does to excess. Millions are spent and infinite trouble taken to make a film of some British and romantic figure. The *facts* of his career are never enough to satisfy the producer and presumably his audiences. And, although experts are called in to ensure that scenes and furnishings of the period are accurately reproduced, some small forgotten trifle always lets the effort down. M-G-M. are nothing if not thorough, but the splendours of *Beau Brummell* do not rely on fact or history, and if the career of a man of small or no importance be selected for a film, its "hero" should be given a fictional name. In his prime Brummell was no fool, was something of a scholar, but he took no great interest in politics. He was a monarch of fashion only, very independent and assertive, and his influence with the Regent was purely in matters of dress; and what has passed for wit in his sayings deserves no higher tribute than impudence or quaintness. He was certainly the fashion in his heyday and mixed with the great and the famous, but his relations with ladies of quality were no part of his legend. As everyone knows, his end was sordid; banishment, debt, squalor and imbecility. The truth concerning him is hardly worth a splash in filmland. As the "original" of a fictional character, it would be fairer to preserve his anonymity.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

EUROPEAN MASTERS OF THE 18th CENTURY

R. H. Wilenski Reviews the Current Exhibition at Burlington House

Also

PRODUCING AN AMATEUR SHOW

How Lloyd's Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society's *No, No, Nanette* came to the Scala Theatre

THE AUTUMN CHURCH ASSEMBLY AT WESTMINSTER

BISHOPS, DEANS, PRIESTS AND LAYMEN FORGATHER AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, TO DISCUSS THE BUSINESS OF THE CHURCH: The Chairman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is addressing the members of the Assembly, who are the elected representatives of the Church in the two provinces of Canterbury and York. Among the business on the first day of this session was the motion by the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Askwith, that the Assembly viewed with grave concern the great increase in sordid reading matter for the young and the sale of "horror comics." In the picture on the left Dr. Askwith who is also Chairman of the Children's Departmental Council of the Church of England Council for Education is seen speaking in support of his motion, which was eventually carried unanimously. In the chair is Dr. Cyril Garbett, Archbishop of York. Another subject which received much attention, and one which has been in the minds of many Churchmen for some years, was the system of appointing bishops and deans. At the moment all appointments are made by the sovereign on the advice of the Prime Minister, but Mr. C. L. Berry, of Wakefield, proposed that the advice should be given by ecclesiastical members of the Privy Council. His motion received the support of several speakers, including the Dean of Chichester, and before the end of the session the Assembly agreed that the present procedure should be modified. Dr. Fisher told the members that the Premier did not act until he had received the Archbishop's recommendation.

DIGNITARIES OF THE CHURCH IN PENSIVE MOOD: They are sitting on the front benches just below the Chairman's platform. During the discussion on finance, £168,000 was voted for the training of ordinands in the coming year.

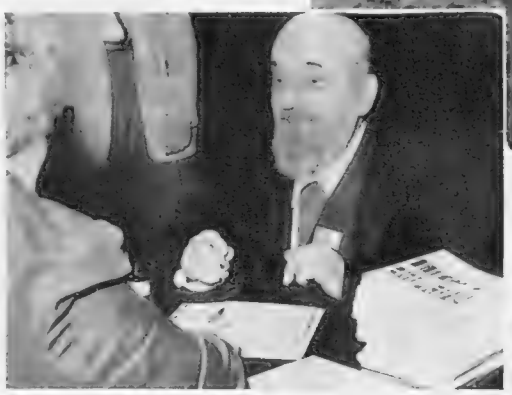
PERSONALITY PARADE

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS AT HOME AND IN SWEDEN AND THE UNITED STATES

THE DUKE OF HARAR REFLECTS : The eldest son of the Emperor of Ethiopia, who has been accompanying his father on his European tour, with Princess Margaretha of Sweden. They were present at a dinner at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm, given by the Emperor in honour of King Gustaf of Sweden and other members of the Swedish Royal family. Princess Margaretha is seen wearing on her right arm a bracelet presented to her by the Emperor before the dinner.

"A HORSE ! A HORSE ! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE ! " : Richard III's horse is killed at the Battle of Bosworth Field in the film of Shakespeare's play which is being made at Shepperton Studios. Sir Laurence Olivier, in the title-role, one of four knights in armour participating in *Richard III* ; the others are Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

AT LADY CRIPPS'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE HOME : Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Appiah, and their six-month-old son, Kwame Anthony, at the Stroud home of Lady Cripps, widow of Sir Stafford, and Mrs. Appiah's mother. Mrs. Appiah and her baby left for the Gold Coast last week. Mr. Appiah, who is the son of an Ashanti chieftain, followed them by plane after being called to the Bar.



YUGOSLAVIA'S GREATEST SCULPTOR BECOMES AMERICAN : Ivan Mestrovic, who is now a Professor at Syracuse University, New York, signs his certificate of citizenship after the naturalisation ceremonies at Syracuse. Mestrovic, who was born in Dalmatia seventy-one years ago, has for many years been recognised as one of the greatest of modern sculptors.

A BUDDHIST OCCASION IN LONDON : Britain's only Buddhist monk, Mr. William August Parfust, who is known as Bhikku Kapilavaddho, with Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Senior Treasury Counsel and President of the Buddhist Society, at a reception in London. At a private ceremony Mr. Humphreys was presented with a Japanese-style bowl in appreciation of his work for the Society, which he founded in 1924.

ANOTHER EMINENT VIOLINIST FOR LONDON : Mr. Jascha Heifetz with his wife on his arrival at London Airport from New York. Mr. Heifetz, who brought both his Stradivarius and his Guarnerius violins, played with Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Malcolm Sargent at the Festival Hall. He was in London at the same time as four other eminent violinists—Yehudi Menuhin, David Oistrakh, Isaac Stern and Joseph Szigeti.

A FAREWELL DINNER FOR SIR GORDON RICHARDS : The former champion jockey with Major-General Sir Randle Feilden, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, at the Savoy Hotel, London. Sir Gordon Richards was the guest of honour at a dinner held to mark his retirement from riding. There was a large assembly of patrons of the Turf and jockeys assembled to do honour to the man who was champion jockey twenty-six times. At a brief ceremony during the dinner, D. Smith, the new champion jockey, presented Sir Gordon with an engraved silver salver.

IR WINSTON'S WINDOW IN CHEQUERS IS REDESIGNED : The stained-glass window from the Prime Minister's official country residence has been redesigned to include the Knighthood of the Garter. The Garter now surrounds the existing arms, and some of the decorative work at the bottom has been altered by the designer, Mr. C. Rupert Moore. At Chequers there are armorial windows for several Prime Ministers.

A GIFT FROM A FORMER CONSTITUENCY : Lady Churchill talking with Mr. B. L. Morgan, Chairman of the Epping Division of the Conservative Association, on the garden seat which is the constituency's birthday gift to the Prime Minister. It is inscribed with the words he used on being elected there in 1924 : "I have found a resting-place in the glades of Epping Forest." He transferred to Woodford in 1945.

TRIBUTES TO CHURCHILL

Some of the Eightieth Birthday Gifts, which Include Thousands of Contributions Pouring Daily into the Presentation Fund Headquarters

VOLUNTEERS COPE WITH THE BIRTHDAY FUND : Two of the sixty helpers who are giving their time at the headquarters of the Winston Churchill Eightieth Birthday Presentation Fund to deal with the thousands of letters received daily from all over the world.

CURRENCY FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE : These notes, cheques and letters have come from India and other parts of Asia, Australia, Canada, America, Malta, Ireland and Finland. They represent a minute fraction of the contributions. The total will not be announced until the cheque is presented to Sir Winston next Tuesday.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS BY EVERY POST : Two more of the volunteers sorting the never-ceasing mail at the Birthday Fund Headquarters. The gifts range from two £10,000 cheques to a parcel of tea and sugar from an eighty-one-year-old pensioner. He hoped it would give the Prime Minister a "cheering" start to his big day. The package has been sent on to Sir Winston.

SIR JOHN KOTELAWALA PRAYS BEFORE AN ENGLISH BUDDHIST MONK

THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON WORSHIPS AT A BUDDHIST SHRINE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON: Sir John Kotelawala praying at the Buddhist Temple at 10, Ovington Gardens, Knightsbridge. He is seen kneeling before Bhikku Kapilavaddho, or Mr. W. A. Parfust, an English Buddhist monk recently ordained at Bangkok. Before worshipping, the Prime Minister laid a dish of yellow chrysanthemums on the shrine of the Buddha. His visit to the temple was one of his first acts after arriving in London from Paris on a week's official visit. He spent the week-end with Lord Swinton, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, at his Yorkshire home. Among Sir John Kotelawala's engagements during the week was an audience with the Queen; luncheon with Sir Winston Churchill; dinner with the First Lord of the Admiralty at Admiralty House; and conversations with Sir Anthony Eden. A dinner was also given in his honour by the British Government. After his visit to England, Sir John was due to go to the United States. This was his first visit to this country since he became Prime Minister in October 1953, but he will be back again for the Conference of Commonwealth Ministers, which is to open at the end of January. While he was in Paris, Sir John held conversations with industrialists and engineers, which resulted in agreements for engineering work costing £45,000,000 to be carried out in Ceylon during the next two years. In the United States he hopes to come to similar agreements.

IMPROVING FRANCO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

M. MENDÈS-FRANCE CLEARS THE AIR IN WASHINGTON: The French Prime Minister with President Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State, at the White House. Behind are, left, M. Henri Bonnet, French Ambassador in Washington, and Mr. C. Douglas Dillon, the United States Ambassador in Paris. M. Mendès-France's visit to Washington served to dispel suspicions and clear up misunderstandings which were still in the minds of American and French leaders. The French Prime Minister further took the opportunity of reviewing recent events in North Africa and sounding the State Department's views on them. They also discussed events in Viet Nam and the American proposal to undertake the training of Viet Nam troops. It was agreed that the bulk of the training would be left to the French command, and would not be taken over entirely by United States officers. Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, who was visiting Washington immediately after the French Prime Minister, took the opportunity to talk with him at his New York hotel.

NOVEMBER SURVEY

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE EVENTS WHICH MADE NEWS DURING THE MONTH

AN UNLUCKY BARGE

AN OVERLOADED BARGE STICKS UNDER A BRIDGE IN AMSTERDAM: This picture from one of the many canals intersecting the capital of the Netherlands indicates the navigation hazards for barges and their crews. In order to make their loads pay, they pile goods on their barges, leaving just enough room to clear the numerous low bridges over the canals. The maximum height is fixed by regulations. The barge seen beneath the bridge here was loaded within the approved height, but the wake of a preceding craft lifted it an unanticipated few inches as it was sliding under the bridge.

HERMANN FIELD FREED

AN AMERICAN IS RELEASED AFTER FIVE YEARS' CAPTIVITY BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: Hermann Field, on the left, arrives at the airport at Zurich. Hermann Field and his brother Noel disappeared behind the Iron Curtain in 1949. Thus began a political mystery which has been the subject of much speculation. Apparently Noel Field was charged with enlisting spies for America. It was alleged that on a smaller scale Hermann Field had engaged in the same practice. The brothers were cited in various trials in Central Europe against "unreliable" Communists. Now they have been released, their captors officially declaring them innocent.

"KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD"

A PROTEST PROCESSION IN A "DEATH-TRAP VILLAGE": The people of the village of Markyate, in Hertfordshire, marching last week-end in protest against the number of road accidents there. The residents declare that the narrow High Street is a "death-trap." There is already a speed limit of 15 miles an hour in operation there. The villagers demand that this limit should be strictly enforced and urge that a by-pass should be built at once. These were some of the slogans on the banners they carried, which also called for "Safety For Our Children" and to "Keep Death Off The Road." Markyate is on the main London Birmingham highway.

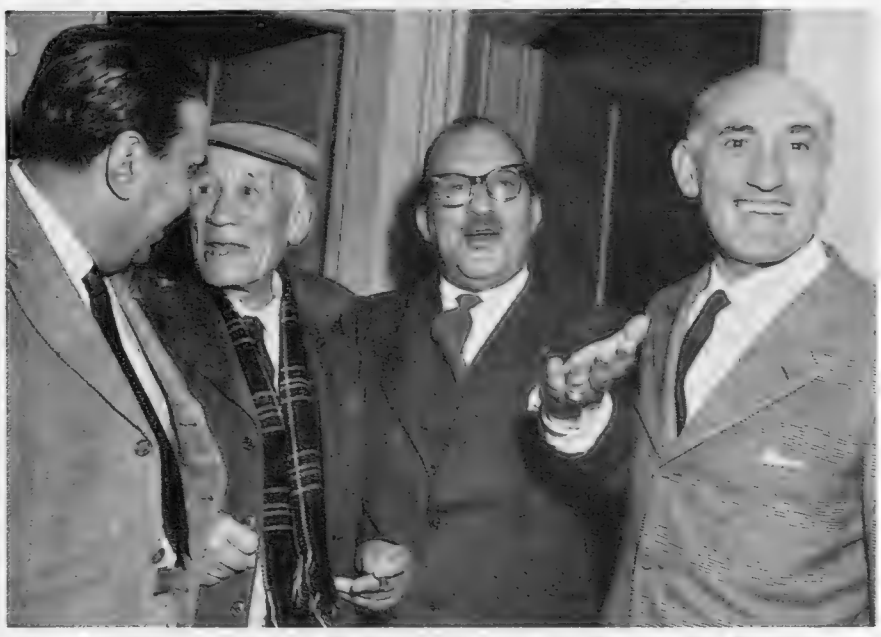
GALE DAMAGE NORTH OF THE BORDER

CLEARING THE RENFREW-GREENOCK ROAD AFTER A SEVERE GALE: Workmen are seen pulling away parts of a large tree which was blown down by gales in Scotland recently. As the tree fell, it pulled down telephone wires and part of a wall: traffic was held up for five hours and cars had to make a detour by way of Paisley until the road was cleared. An elderly lady was killed in Edinburgh when the gale blew a chimney-stack on to her bed as she lay asleep. In other parts of Scotland, sheep were drowned, and production at the Dingwall Gasworks was held up because of flooding. The Fire Brigade was called to pump the area dry.

FUNERAL OF A GREAT FASHION DESIGNER

THE COFFIN OF JACQUES FATH IS CARRIED INTO A PARIS CHURCH: Huge crowds gathered outside the Church of Saint Pierre de Chaillot to see pall-bearers carry the coffin of the renowned fashion designer beneath the great hangings surmounted by his initials. Among the hundreds inside the church were Jacques Fath's mannequins. Fath, who died at the age of forty-two of leukemia, had, since the war, established himself as one of the leading fashion designers in Paris. He is well-remembered as the man who first introduced the urchin haircut and the S-line.

THE MONTESI SCANDAL IS REVIVED IN ROME



THE "MARCHESE" IS HAPPY TO BE FREED: The self-styled Marchese Ugo Montagna, one of the central figures in the Montesi scandal, smiles happily, extreme right, on his release from a Rome prison pending trial. With him are, from left, Signor Filippo Lupi, a lawyer; Signor Diego Montagna, the "Marchese's" father; and Signor Girolamo Bellavista, another lawyer. Together with Pierro Piccioni, son of the former Foreign Minister, Ugo Montagna was arrested in September for questioning about Wilma Montesi, who died in April 1953 in mysterious circumstances.

CEREMONY AT GLASGOW

THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH OPENS A THANKSGIVING FAIR AT GLASGOW: The Countess is seen as she declares the fair open. On the extreme left of the picture is Lord Inverclyde, and sitting behind the Countess is Mr. J. D. Abbott, the Chairman of the Glasgow branch of the English Speaking Union, the organisers of the fair, which was held at the McLellan Galleries in Glasgow. In her speech the Countess called for greater understanding among English-speaking peoples of the world.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC OCCASION AT WINCHESTER

CELEBRATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE ORDINATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP-BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH: The Most Rev. John Henry King, about to enter St. Peter's R.C. Church, Winchester, to attend a High Mass in celebration of his ordination fifty years ago. He is preceded by his Gentleman-in-Waiting, Sir Anthony Tichborne. Archbishop King was appointed to his present office in 1941, after acting as Auxiliary Bishop in the same diocese since 1938.

WEEK-END SPORT

News Pictures of Some of the Many Sporting Events Held During Last Week-end

GORDON PIRIE MAKES A SUCCESSFUL RETURN TO ATHLETICS : The British long-distance runner is seen competing in the international cross-country race at Brussels, which he won in a time of 35 mins. 56 secs. from Josef Kovacs, of Hungary, who came in second place, about 30 yards behind Pirie. This was Pirie's first big race after a period of rest caused by an injured foot. Pirie ran the seven-mile race in excellent style and finished the course looking fresh.

CAMBRIDGE AIM HIGH : A striking picture from the Rectory Field, Blackheath, where Cambridge University defeated Blackheath by 20 points to 3 in a Rugby Union match. W. E. Evans, of Cambridge, is seen out-jumping the opposition as he gathers the ball cleanly in a line-out. Both the Oxford and the Cambridge teams were in London last week as part of their final preparations for the University match on December 7. While Cambridge, without their captain, I. D. S. Beer, beat Blackheath with the aid of four penalty goals, a reorganised Oxford team, inspired by their captain, P. G. Johnstone, gained a win over Harlequins by 13 points to nil.

A MEET ON THE PEVENSEY MARSHES : The Pevensey Marsh Beagles, Master, Mr. A. G. B. Burstall, are seen outside the Star Inn at Norman's Bay on the South Coast. Beagling in this district is very enjoyable and the pack, which was formed in 1947, already has many ardent followers.

INSPECTING PROGRESS ON THE FINSBURY MEMORIAL SPORTS CENTRE AT BARNET, IN HERTFORDSHIRE : The Mayor of Finsbury, Alderman Hartley, is seen, second from the right, with members of the Sports Centre Appeal Committee, inspecting the site of the grounds. It is hoped that the sports centre will be completed and in full use by April next year. The scheme has been planned as a practical memorial to the people of Finsbury who lost their lives during the war.

On right—

TAKING OFF—A MOTOR-CYCLIST LEAVES THE GROUND DURING ONE OF THE MANY BUMPY PARTS OF HIS RIDE : J. Hubbard, of Braintree, in Essex, is seen during the senior unlimited event of the Greenwich M.C.C. Autumn Scramble at Brand's Hatch, last week-end. Hubbard, who is the Eastern Centre Scramble Star, won this event —six laps of a treacherous 1¾-mile circuit—in a time of sixteen minutes.

THE DOMINICI TRIAL

Opening Scenes in the Trial of the Seventy-seven-year-old French Farmer Charged with the Murder of Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and Their Daughter

THE DOMINICI TRIAL BEGINS : Gaston Dominici, the seventy-seven-year-old French farmer, stands in the court at Digne, in the South of France, on the first day of his trial as the judge enters. Dominici is accused of the murder of Sir Jack Drummond, the eminent nutrition expert, his wife and their eleven-year-old daughter in August 1952, when they were camping near his farm in the Basses-Alpes.

THE ACCUSED AND COUNSEL : Dominici confers in the court with one of his counsel, Maître Bernard Charles Albert. Heated arguments and noisy interruptions marked some of the sessions. Dominici strongly denied that he had committed the crime and declared that his alleged confessions to the police had been forced from him.

The trial of the seventy-seven-year-old French farmer, Gaston Dominici, which opened at Digne last week, recalled the particularly shocking murders of three Britons—one of them a child—over two years ago. The charge against Dominici was that he killed the distinguished scientist, Sir Jack Drummond, his wife and their eleven-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, on the night of August 4, 1952, when they were camping near his farm, La Grande Terre, at Lurs, in the Basses-Alpes.

The opening sessions were marked by scenes and uproar in which the accused was the central figure. In certain statements Dominici was alleged by the police to have confessed to the crimes. However, the accused retracted all his alleged previous statements and insisted he was not guilty.

Sometimes there were noisy incidents in which he shouted his denials at the prosecution and witnesses. In quieter periods he sat in the dock chewing plugs of tobacco and occasionally spitting on the floor.

Before the Prosecutor, Maître Louis Sabatier, was a massive pile of documents. This is testimony to the unwearying efforts of the French police to solve these crimes.

THE ACCUSED IS QUESTIONED : On the left is Maître Pollak, the Chief Counsel for Dominici, and on the right is Maître Claude Delorme, for Lady Drummond's mother. In the frequent denials of the allegations of his guilt made by the prosecution, Dominici sometimes shouted "Not true." The case is complicated by alleged accusations and counter-accusations within the Dominici family.

WITNESSES FROM BRITAIN : Professor Guy Marrian, Professor of Chemistry in Relation to Medicine at Edinburgh University, and his wife. Both gave evidence. The Drummonds had been staying with them on the Riviera shortly before they were murdered.

A FORMIDABLE BRIEF : Maître Louis Sabatier, the Prosecutor, with the massive stack of the documents in his case. The French police have been unwearying in their investigations to solve this triple murder.

THREE KEY LOCAL WITNESSES : Waiting to give evidence, from the left, are Paul Maillet, M. Escudier and Clovis Dominici, the eldest son of the accused. Gaston Dominici wept when questioned about a police allegation that his son had accused him of the murders.

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A World Review in Pictures

NEWS FROM ASIA

AND A SURVEY OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN EGYPT, AMERICA AND EUROPE

DELHI'S SCHOOLCHILDREN WISH THEIR PREMIER MANY HAPPY RETURNS : Part of the physical training display by thousands of Indian schoolchildren at the National Stadium in New Delhi. This was a feature of a rally of 100,000 Indian children held in honour of the sixty-fifth birthday of Pandit Nehru. A highlight in a colourful two-hour programme was a spectacular greetings procession in which about 500 children, dressed in regional costumes, sang songs of greeting to their Prime Minister in many different languages. There was also a manipuri dance performed by a group of 200 children, and a march-past of 600 uniformed boys and girls. Mr. Nehru, who on the occasion of his birthday reported to the world on his visit to China, received many messages of congratulation from abroad. Among these was one from the Governor-General of Pakistan, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, who said that he and the Indian Prime Minister must between them "unravel the tangles which have been causing hurdles" between the two countries.

A PIGEON FOR EACH YEAR OF HIS LIFE : Mr. Nehru opening the children's pageant in Delhi in honour of his sixty-fifth birthday by releasing a white pigeon. Sixty-five other pigeons were released by the schoolchildren.

THE AIRCRAFT INCIDENT IN JAPAN : *On left*—The crumpled tail section of the U.S. Air Force RB-29 lying upside-down at the scene of its crash on Hokkaido, in Northern Japan. The aircraft, a photo-reconnaissance plane on a photo-mapping mission, had been shot down by two Russian-built fighters of the MiG type. Ten of the crew of eleven parachuted to safety, but the eleventh was killed. *On right*—The wreckage of the aircraft, still smouldering, shortly after it was found by rescue crews. It was stated that the U.S. plane did not return the fire from the MiGs. The U.S. Government protested to Moscow, and, in a further note, rejected the Russian explanation that the American aircraft had violated Soviet territory and had been shot down only after opening fire on the MiGs.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S PERSONAL ENVOY ARRIVES IN INDO-CHINA : At Saigon Airport are, from left, General Hinh, Chief of Staff of the Viet Nam Army ; Mr. Donald Heath, the U.S. Permanent representative in Saigon ; General J. Lawton Collins, who arrived as President Eisenhower's Special Envoy with the rank of Ambassador ; and General Jouhaud, Commander of the French Air Force in the Far East. General Collins pledged American support to the Viet-Nam Prime Minister.

A COMMEMORATIVE MASS FOR FRENCH SAILORS IN NORTHERN INDO-CHINA : The service at the French Naval Cemetery near the "evacuation" port of Haiphong. French sailors who died in the campaign in Indo-China lie buried facing the lovely Bay of Along, part of which can be seen in the background. Among those attending the commemorative mass were members of the International Commission supervising the evacuation of French and Viet Namese from the Red River Delta.

On left—

THE PREMIER ATE A HEARTY BREAKFAST : Colonel Abdul Gamal Nasser in high spirits at breakfast-time in Cairo, after General Neguib had been deposed from the office of President. On his left is General Abdel Hakim Amer, the Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, who was one of the officers who broke the news of his deposition to General Neguib.

Within a few days of the deposition, Colonel Nasser announced that he had taken over the duties of Head of State. The office of President would for the moment continue to remain vacant, but for all purposes the Prime Minister would carry out his duties. Foreign Ambassadors, for example, would present their credentials to him. The actual powers of the President of the Republic would be vested in the Cabinet, "in the name of the people." The removal of General Neguib from office was not marked by any great demonstrations in Egypt, though in the Sudan, where the General's support has always been strongest, there was some rioting among students. A delegation of Sudanese leaders went to Cairo to ensure that no harm is done to the General. In the meantime, the rounding-up of members of the Muslim Brotherhood continued, and among those arrested while trying to escape into the Sudan was the son of the Movement's Supreme Guide, Hassan el-Hodeiby. The trial of members of the Brotherhood accused of being involved in the attempt on the life of Colonel Nasser has also been continued, and more evidence has pointed to the alleged link between the former President and the Brotherhood's leaders. Further evidence was also given about the secret organisation within the Movement, which, it had been alleged, had plotted the assassination of the Egyptian Cabinet and the seizure of power. One of the witnesses was Dr. Mohammed Khamis Hamida, a leader of the Brotherhood, a member of the twelve-man Office of Guidance and one of the three men appointed by the present Supreme Guide to reorganise the secret organisation and turn it eventually into an open one.

MR. YOSHIDA ON THE LAST LAP OF HIS WORLD TOUR : President Eisenhower and Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister, walking back to the White House after posing for photographers on the North portico. After a thirty-minute conference, President Eisenhower entertained Mr. Yoshida to luncheon. Shortly afterwards the Japanese Prime Minister returned home after touring the world in fifty-three days. In Tokyo he appeared to shrug off the storm of criticism which his tour had evoked, and seemed unworried by the political crisis which was facing him. Although Mr. Yoshida did not obtain the loans he is believed to have requested in London and Washington, he did receive a number of financial guarantees.

A ROYAL HEART IS BORNE TO ITS FINAL RESTING-PLACE : The heart of the late Crown Princess Antonia of Bavaria is carried to the Chapel of Altoetting, Bavaria, where it was placed behind a shrine with the hearts of thirteen other members of the Bavarian Royal Family. Bearing the urn, which contains the heart, is Baron von Redwitz, chief of the Royal Family's administration. Behind him are Prince Albrecht, left, the heir to the Crown Prince, and Prince Heinrich, Crown Princess Antonia's eldest son. The late Crown Princess was the second wife of Crown Prince Rupprecht, who recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday.

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER IN CANADA : M. Pierre Mendès-France being greeted by the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, on his arrival at Uplands Airport, Ottawa, from Montreal. With them is Madame Mendès-France, who was accompanying her husband. The French Prime Minister was visiting Canada before going on to the United States. He met members of the Cabinet in the Canadian capital. His seventeen-hour stay there coincided with the end of the visit of the Queen Mother, who received M. Mendès-France shortly after his arrival in Ottawa. During the course of his Canadian visit the French Prime Minister also visited Quebec and Montreal, which he saluted as the second largest French city in the world. M. Mendès-France's four-day stay in Washington aroused the greatest interest. He had talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles, and tried to clarify, in the minds of United States officials and experts, the French position in world affairs.

MR. BERENSON ENTERTAINS THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN : King Gusdaf and Queen Louise, at left, with the great art critic and philosopher at his Florence villa, I Tatti. At right is the Duchess of Aosta. The Royal couple, who are old friends of Berenson's, stayed with him during their visit to Italy. Eighty-nine-year-old Berenson, an American, has lived at I Tatti since 1900. His first work, on Venetian painters of the Renaissance, was published sixty years ago, and his steady output of works of art criticism, and on the æsthetics and philosophy of art, have made him pre-eminent in the field of literature on art subjects.

ENGLISH HARBOUR IN ANTIGUA

Pictures of a Famous Naval Base in the West Indies which is now Being Restored

Every effort is now being made to preserve a historic corner of the British West Indian island of Antigua, which has associations with some of the greatest names in British naval history. Two years ago a fund was launched for the preservation of English Harbour, the naval base abandoned by the Royal Navy in 1889.

English Harbour, thirteen miles from Antigua's capital, St. John's, has many historical associations. Perhaps its greatest feature is Nelson's Dockyard. The great admiral was stationed in Antigua from 1784 to 1787, when he was in command of H.M.S. *Boreas*. Her anchor still lies on the quayside and near-by the capstans remain which heeled his ship over when she needed careening. Nelson's chief duty was to prevent smuggling. He discharged this task with his customary zeal, but he suffered from the climate and had not infrequent differences of opinion with the Governor of the Colony.

He lived in Admiral's House, which has been one of the first buildings in English Harbour to be restored from the severe damage it suffered in the hurricane of four years ago. While he was in Antigua, Nelson made friends

(Continued below)

A GENERAL VIEW OF ENGLISH HARBOUR: Nelson's Dockyard is in the centre of the picture. Jutting into the bay on the left are the ruins of Fort Berkeley. From here, during time of war, a chain boom was run across the harbour to prevent surprise attacks.

NELSON'S DOCKYARD IN ANTIGUA: This link with Britain's greatest sailor is in English Harbour, thirteen miles from St. John's, the capital. Nelson was here from 1784 to 1787 in H.M.S. *Boreas*. This picture is taken from Clarence House, the residence of the Duke of Clarence (later William IV) when he was in the West Indies.

On left—

THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE: Nelson's quarters were severely damaged by the hurricane of 1950. It was one of the first properties to be restored by the English Harbour Repair Fund, started by the Friends of English Harbour two years ago to keep in good repair this corner of British naval history.

AN ANCHOR FROM NELSON'S SHIP: It lies on the quay at English Harbour. In the centre background is Clarence House. English Harbour was first used as an English naval base in 1725.

with a little three-year-old boy. According to a popular story, he was one day discovered by the child's mother playing hide-and-seek with her son under a table in Government House. At all events this lady, who was a widow named Mrs. Nisbet, soon became Nelson's wife. At the wedding the bride was given away by another sailor to whom the Navy owes not a little, the Duke of Clarence.

The future King William IV was another great eccentric who was stationed for a time at English Harbour, when he was captain of H.M.S. *Pegasus*. The "Sailor King's" residence is on the hill above English Harbour. William was probably happier in the Navy than he was anywhere else, until he came to the throne and could make public speeches without interruption.

English Harbour was started as a naval base in 1725. In 1782 Rodney sailed from here and engaged the French under de Grasse in the Battle of the Saints. His strategy caused a revolution in naval warfare. For Rodney, throwing convention literally to the winds, broke through the French line instead of fighting in the accepted broadside fashion. The lesson was not lost upon Nelson, who followed it at Trafalgar.

The preservation of the historic English Harbour has for a long time been a concern of the Governors of the Leeward Islands. Antigua is anything but a wealthy community. It is no exaggeration to say it is extremely poor and has few funds to spare for maintaining its historic monuments. However, the present Governor, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, determined to take action, and so started the Society of the Friends of English Harbour. The Royal Navy has helped by undertaking urgently needed running repairs, and some prosperity has returned to the harbour from yachts in the Caribbean, who use it as a rendezvous.

The Friends of the Harbour's target, which has been commended by the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, is £40,000. So far their appeal has met with a disappointing response. However, it is hoped that the contributions will increase. English Harbour is to be visited by Princess Margaret on her trip to the West Indies at the beginning of next year.

ALL SET FOR AN ARCTIC FLIGHT—THE SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINE SYSTEM'S AIRCRAFT, "HELGE VIKING," SEEN AT KASTRUP AIRPORT, COPENHAGEN : The aircraft is seen surrounded by Press photographers shortly before leaving for Los Angeles by way of Greenland and Northern Canada. This journey, together with one made simultaneously in the opposite direction, was the first commercial flight to travel over Polar regions. S.A.S. are now operating two flights a week on this route in both directions. The aircraft fly from Copenhagen to Söndre Strömfjord, in south-west Greenland ; from there to Winnipeg and from Winnipeg to Los Angeles. This 5,160-mile journey takes 27 hours 10 mins. and is 600 miles shorter than the usual route via New York. The passengers in both aircraft making the inaugural flights reported that the journey was most comfortable, and despite the fact that at times the outside temperature was minus 4 degrees Fahrenheit, the cabins were so warm that some passengers sat in their shirt-sleeves. S.A.S. began experimenting with flights over Polar routes in 1952 and their crews are now being trained in the special techniques needed for this area. Among the peculiarities of flight near the North Pole is the behaviour of the magnetic compass which becomes unreliable. A gyro-compass is used instead. Weather in Polar regions is almost always suitable for flying and a smooth journey may be expected, as well as a magnificent view of the Aurora Borealis.

THE "ROYAL VIKING" ARRIVING AT COPENHAGEN AFTER ITS POLAR FLIGHT : This trip was made at the same time as that from Copenhagen. The two aircraft passed each other over Greenland and the pilots exchanged greetings.

OVER THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

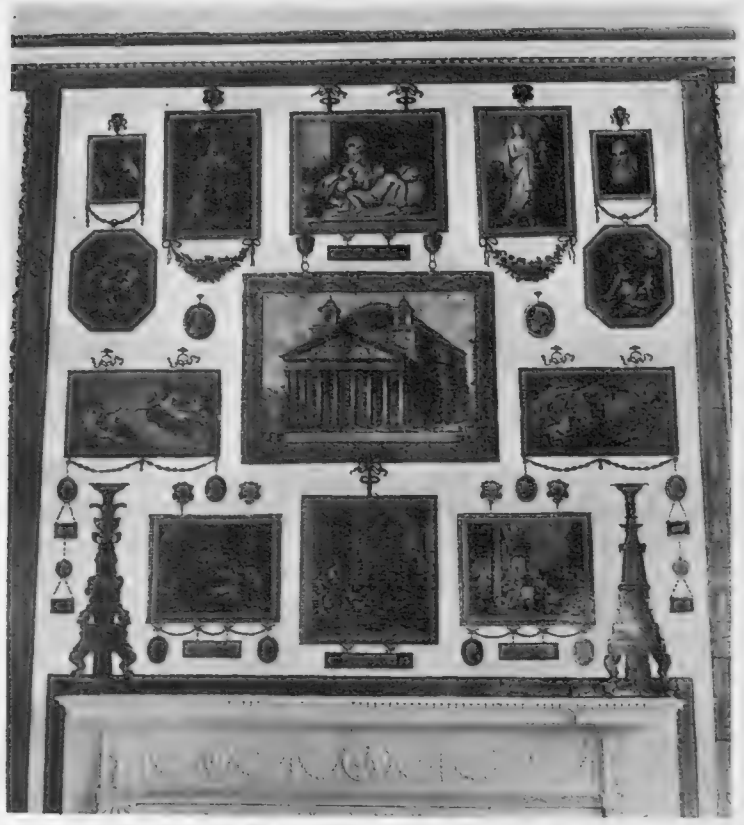
The Inaugural Flights Between Copenhagen and Los Angeles by Way of Greenland

SOME OF THE PASSENGERS WHO MADE THE FIRST COMMERCIAL FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES : From left to right are Tore H. Nilert, president of S.A.S. ; Jean Hersholt, the Hollywood actor ; Norris Poulson, Mayor of Los Angeles ; Walter Pidgeon, the actor, and H. Powers, Lieutenant-Governor of California.

THREE OF THE DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS WHO FLEW FROM COPENHAGEN : From left to right are Tage Erlander, Prime Minister of Sweden ; Hans Hedtoft, Prime Minister of Denmark, and Oscar Torp, Prime Minister of Norway. Prince Axel of Denmark was among the other passengers flying on board the *Helge Viking*.

CONTRASTS IN TWO INTERIORS OF 1777

Two Houses in the News, Built in the Same Year, Display a Startling Variety of Interior Decoration



A FINE EXAMPLE OF ELABORATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DECORATION : The engravings pasted on the wall above the fireplace of the Print Room at Woodhall Park, in Hertfordshire. The Ministry of Works have offered a grant for the repair of the decoration and prints there.

THE HISTORIC PRINT ROOM AT WOODHALL PARK : The decoration of the walls is carried up into the pictures are set between floral swags and wreaths. The pictures are surrounded with frames gilt-wood frames. The Print Room is in the south wing of the Hertfordshire house,

The Ministry of Works have offered a grant to the owners for the repair of the decoration and prints in the historic Print Room at Woodhall Park, Hertfordshire, one of the most complete and elaborate examples still surviving of a form of decoration fashionable in the eighteenth century. The room, in the south wing of the house, is decorated with engravings pasted on the walls in accordance with a carefully-worked-out scheme. The pictures are surrounded with frames of paper engraved to resemble the usual types of gilt-wood frames, and some are decorated with swags, scrolls and other *motifs*, also carried out in engraving on paper. The large engravings are not only framed but appear to hang on ribboned nails with ornamental heads, and from them hang miniatures on swagged chains. There are also busts, plinths and vases, candelabra and other ornaments. The decoration is carried up into the ceiling cove, where engraved pictures are set between floral swags and wreaths.

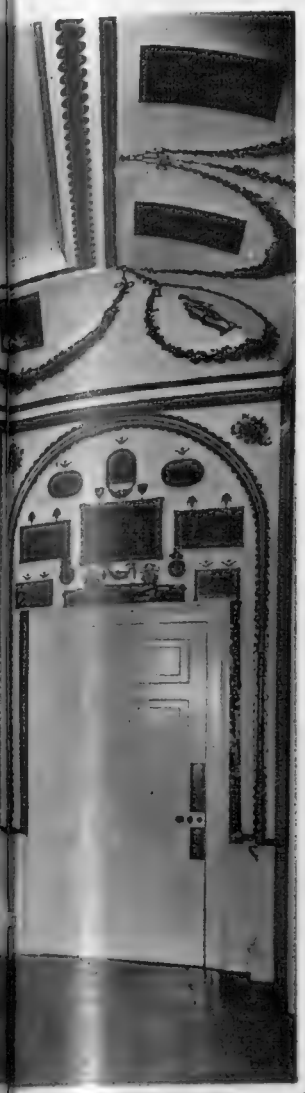
Drawings still in existence show that the Print Room was designed and finished by R. Parker in 1782 as part of the rebuilding of Woodhall Park begun in 1777 by Thomas Leverton for the owner, Thomas Rumbold, a wealthy employee of the East India Company and Governor of Madras. The house, as it stands to-day, retains much of the building planned by Leverton in 1777.

In 1794 Paul Benfield purchased the house for £125,000, and spent still more money on alterations and adding more rooms. Benfield had also been a civil servant of the East India Company, and he was reputed to have amassed a fortune of £500,000, though the manner in which this money was obtained was called into question. Unfortunately, he engaged in business speculations, lost his fortune, and died in penury.

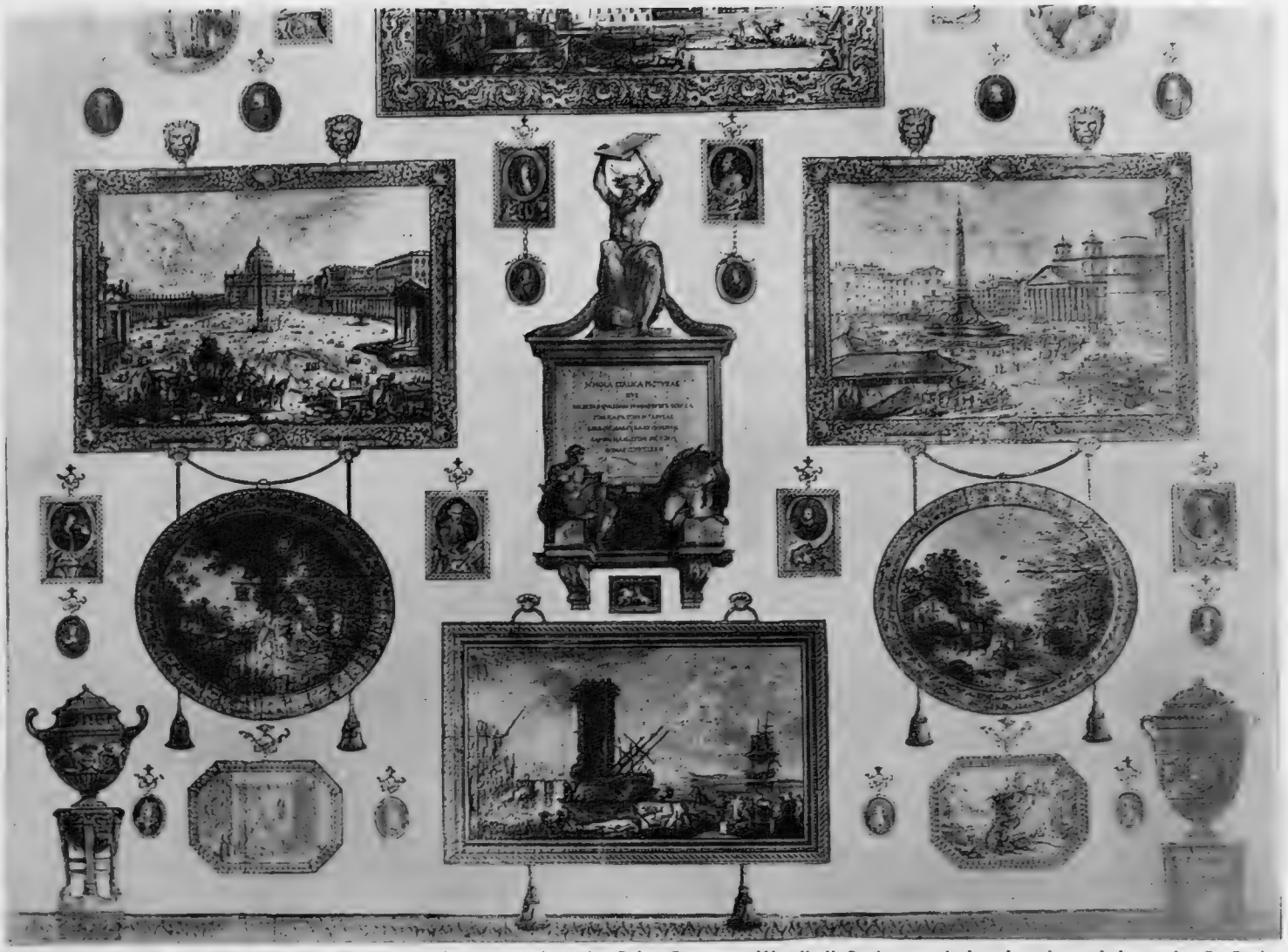
In 1801 Woodhall Park was sold by order of the Court of Exchequer, the property passing to Samuel Smith, a banker and M.P. for Hertford for forty years; the house has remained in the hands of his family ever since.

A ZUCCHI MURAL RECENTLY CLEANED : A detail of the mural depicting scenes of the Sack of Troy, which was painted by Antonio Pietro Zucchi around 1777 for 20, Portman Square, London.

CLEANED IN THE COURSE OF REDECORATION : Another detail of the Troy mural at Portman Square, which was painted by Zucchi. The house, which is now the home of the Courtauld Institute of Art, was built by Robert Adam in 1777. Parts of it have recently been redecorated.



ceiling cove, where engraved of paper engraved to resemble which was begun in 1777.



A DETAIL OF THE DECORATION AND PRINTS: It is known that the Print Room at Woodhall Park was designed and carried out by R. Parker in 1782 as part of the rebuilding of the house. This detailed picture of the decoration and prints pasted on the wall shows some of the additional embellishments, such as the ribboned nails with ornamental heads from which the different miniatures appear to hang.

THE RESTORER AT WORK AT THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART: Mr. Ralph Straub working on the restoration of the mural depicting Minerva, one of the Zucchi paintings uncovered in Portman Square. At right is another of the scenes of the Sack of Troy. The Minerva mural had been concealed under a veneer of mahogany brown varnish.

Two life-size paintings of the goddesses Minerva and Juno, by Antonio Pietro Zucchi, have been discovered in the course of the redecoration of the staircase at the Courtauld Institute of Art. The Courtauld Institute's house at 20, Portman Square, London, is one of the finest examples of the work of Robert Adam, bearing the unmistakable evidence of the elegance and style of the great architect. The house was built in 1777 for the Dowager Countess of Home, and some of the decoration was done by Zucchi and his wife, Angelica Kauffmann. The mural paintings depicting the Sack of Troy, for instance, have for long been a feature of the magnificent Adam staircase, although cleaning during the present redecoration has brought new life to them. The paintings of the goddesses, however, were concealed under a veneer of mid-Victorian mahogany brown varnish, and were saved only by a covering of paper. Now the skilful work of Mr. Ralph Straub, who holds a fellowship at the Institute's Department of Technology, has restored the paintings to their original grace and beauty. They have lost little of their freshness, and parts of them still reveal a brilliant yellow colour.

Zucchi, who was born in Venice, is perhaps best known as the husband of Angelica Kauffmann, but he was a considerable artist in his own right. He first met Robert Adam in Italy in 1754, and twelve years later he was invited over to England by him. Adam employed Zucchi on the interior decoration of many of the great houses built or restored by him, including Luton House, Syon House, Osterley and Ken Wood, while in London he also worked on some of the houses in the Adelphi. On many of these buildings he was often assisted by Angelica Kauffmann or her father, who were also doing some interior decoration, and in 1781 Zucchi married her.

MR. STRAUB RESTORES MINERVA: The restorer at work on the mural of the Goddess of Wisdom.

JUNO: One of Zucchi's two life-size paintings of the goddesses which were recently uncovered at the Robert Adam house during the redecoration.

CONVERSATION PIECE, SANDRINGHAM: This charming study of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret was painted by Edward Seago. It is one of several paintings of members of the Royal Family in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters held at the Royal Institute Galleries, London.

ROYAL PORTRAITS ON EXHIBITION

A Feature of the Annual Exhibition by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in London

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA: A portrait by Donald Seton Cammell of the sixteen-year-old Marquis wearing his dress as a page to Lord Plunket at the Coronation.

Once again Royal sitters have led the distinguished personalities whose portraits have been painted by the leading masters of this art in Britain. But a visit to the sixty-first Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which remains open at the Royal Institute Galleries until December 23, will show that it is not only the mighty in the land who attract the artist. Inevitably, however, the State portrait of the Queen by the Society's President, James Gunn, A.R.A., strikes the eye. So, too, does the charming portrait group of the Queen Mother with her younger daughter seated at the piano. This was painted at Sandringham by Edward Seago. Among the other outstanding exhibits are the painting of the Queen by W. R. Webster, the portrait of Mr. L. S. Amery by Simon Elwes, Vice-President of the Society; the portrait of the Bishop of Ely by the Secretary, Maurice Codner; Pietro Annigoni's painting of Miss Juanita Forbes; and Donald Seton Cammell's portrait of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

On right—

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: A new portrait, painted by W. R. Webster, R.P., which was commissioned by the Corporation of Nairobi.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDS A STATE BANQUET IN THE CANADIAN CAPITAL : The Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, entertains his Royal guest at Government House, Ottawa. On the Queen Mother's right are the Prime Minister, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, and Mrs. Patrick Kerwin ; on Her Majesty's left are Mr. Vincent Massey, Mrs. St. Laurent, Mr. Patrick Kerwin, Chief Justice of Canada, and Madame Hubert Guérin, wife of the French Ambassador in Canada. Standing behind the table are pipers of the Black Watch Regiment of Canada, of which Her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief, and the scene is dominated by portraits of King George V and Queen Mary. The Queen Mother arrived in Ottawa by air from the United States, and was met at Uplands Airport by Mr. Massey. Then followed a drive along the crowded ten-mile route to Government House, where the Royal visitor stayed during her five days in the capital. One of Her Majesty's first engagements on the next day was to lay a wreath of poppies at the memorial column in Confederation Square.

CANADA'S ROYAL VISITOR

The Queen Mother Spends Five Days in Ottawa as the Guest of the Governor-General, and Fulfills Many Engagements

THE LUNCHEON IN THE PARLIAMENTARY RESTAURANT : On this occasion the Queen Mother was the guest of Mr. Wishart Robertson, Speaker of the Senate (second from left), and Mr. L. René Beaudoin, Speaker of the House of Commons (second from right) ; Mrs. Beaudoin (left) and Mrs. Robertson are also seen in the picture. In a speech to the guests Her Majesty conveyed a message of greeting from the Queen, and also recalled her own previous visit to Canada in 1939.

On left—

MORNING SERVICE IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL : Her Majesty and the Governor-General leaving the Cathedral after the service at which the Lesson had been read by Mr. Massey and the sermon preached by the Dean, the Very Rev. J. O. Anderson. The Queen Mother sat at the head of the congregation.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ARRIVAL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE : Mr. Massey leads the way into his official residence in Ottawa. Great crowds gathered in the capital to welcome the Royal traveller, and most of the leading dignitaries of Canada were present at the airport. During her many speeches in Ottawa, the Queen Mother spoke in both English and French.

PREPARING FOR THE CLIMAX OF THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST RITE IN JAPAN : The Buddha, in the centre, without a halo, comes forth to bless and receive the dead. He is flanked by saints. This is part of an ancient rite symbolising the entrance into heaven of the faithful, their souls freed of passion, hate and delusion. Young bachelors don the ancient temple masks and dance as symbolic birds, angels and saints. The ceremony, called Raigoe, survives to-day only at the Junenji Temple, in the Nagano province.

THE FAITHFUL PREPARE FOR HEAVEN

An Ancient Buddhist Rite, Evolved 1,000 Years Ago in Japan, is Re-enacted Each Year at the Junenji Temple, in Nagano

THE BUDDHA IN THE RITE : The god welcomes the dead to heaven. Like the other participants in the rite, he is a young bachelor who, for three days preceding it, has purified himself for the performance.

THE PROCESSION OF THE TWENTY-FIVE SAINTS : Wearing their masks and haloes, the young bachelors are seen at the start of the ceremonial dance. The Raigoe was evolved 1,000 years ago by a Japanese Buddhist priest, but it is now only performed once a year in Nagano.

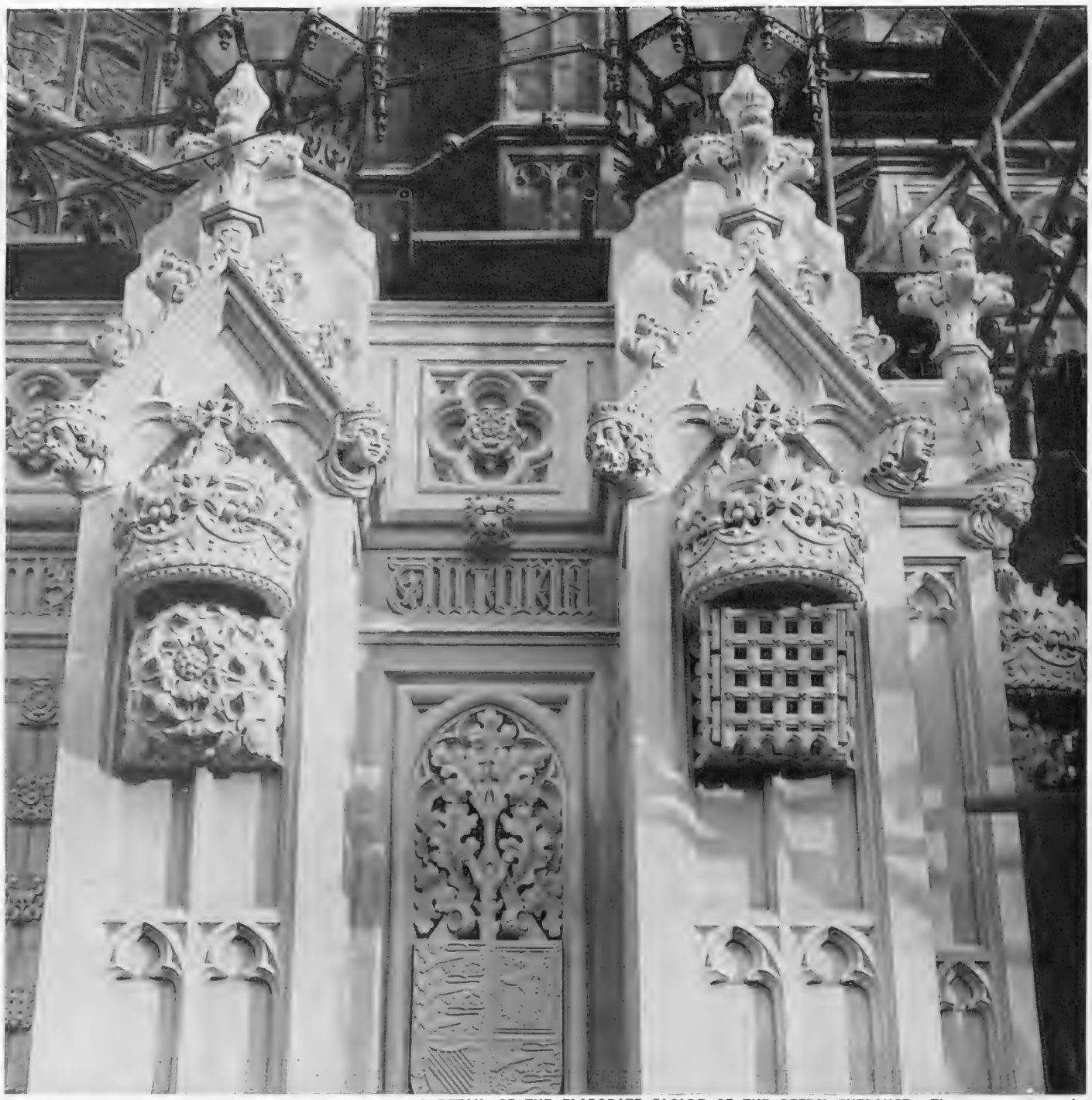
Above—**THEY FLOAT ON PURPLE CLOUDS: The dancing angels spread out their arms, mbolising that they float on purple clouds. Japan is one of the few countries here Buddhism is still widely practised. It has 207 sects and denominations, d at one time there were over 100,000 major and minor temples in Japan.**

Below—**THE MASKS OF THE RITE: These masks, some of which are used by the twenty-five saints in the ritual dance, are carefully stored in the temple, and brought out each year for the annual rite. Some of them are very ancient, and in 1952 the Japanese Government declared the Raigoe a protected art form.**

THE NEW PEERS' ENTRANCE

A FINE PIECE OF RESTORATION, A REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL, AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Just beyond the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion is the Peers' Entrance into Old Palace Yard, which gives access to the southern portion of the Palace of Westminster belonging to the House of Lords. Like so much of the Houses of Parliament, this entrance has suffered greatly, especially from bomb damage during the war. In addition, much of the stonework was decayed, and the opportunity has been grasped by the Ministry of Works to restore the entrance completely. Progress has not been as rapid as was once hoped, but now the work is nearing completion and, though there is still scaffolding around the entrance, it already presents a pleasing and light appearance. The stone used is Clipsham, which comes from Rutland, but as the original quarry ran out of adequate supplies, another source of stone near by had to be tapped. Another difficulty experienced in the restoration of the Peers' Entrance has been the securing of skilled craftsmen to undertake the intricate detail involved in the work. The restored entrance is a replica of that built during the last century, but there is one comparative novelty. The nineteenth-century lanterns over the entrance, which have for many years been absent from their place, are now once again in position.



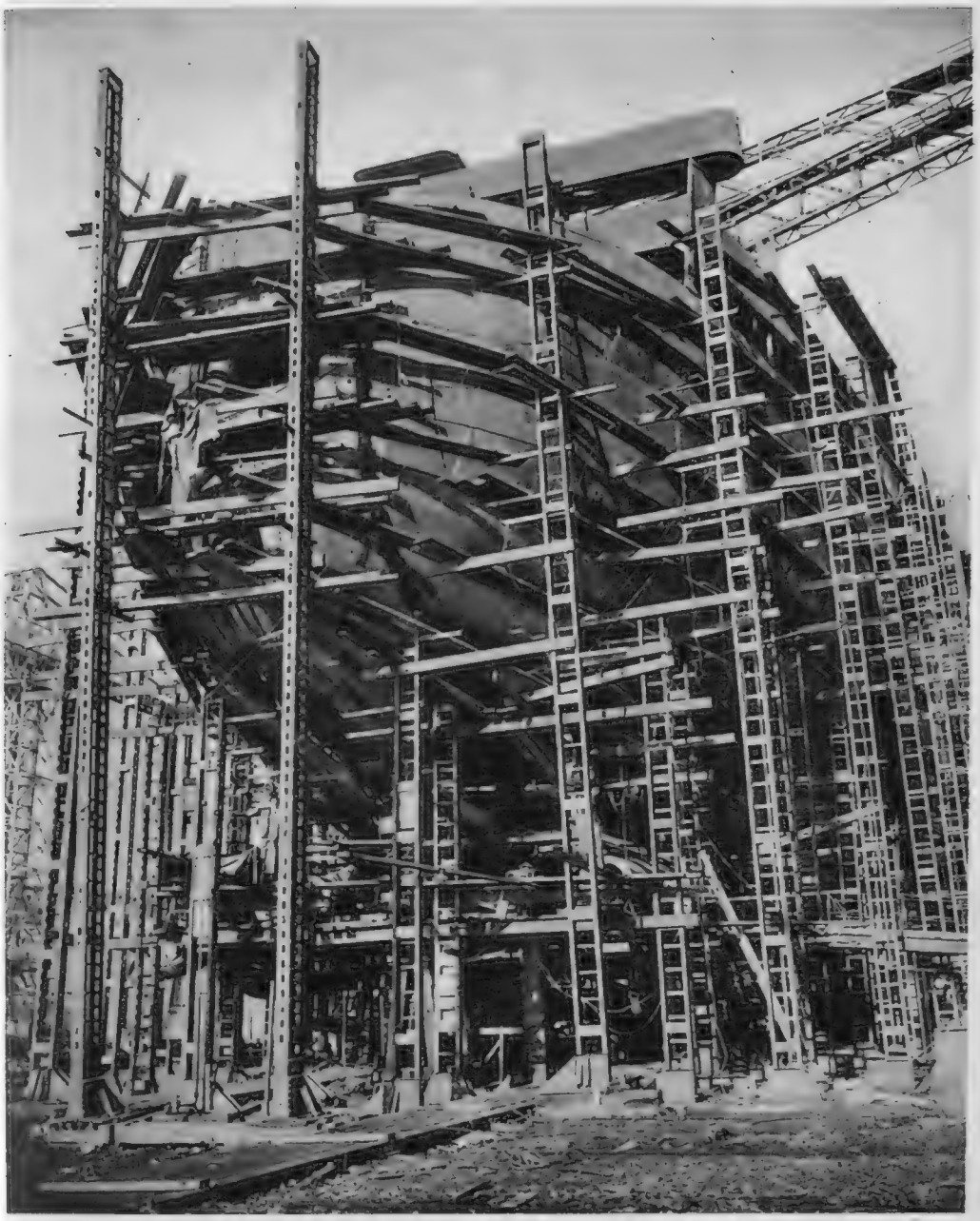
A DETAIL OF THE ELABORATE FAÇADE OF THE PEERS' ENTRANCE: The entrance to the House of Lords in Old Palace Yard, at Westminster, which has now been completely restored. Some of the intricate craftsmanship can be seen in this detail, which shows many of the *motifs* that characterise the Houses of Parliament.

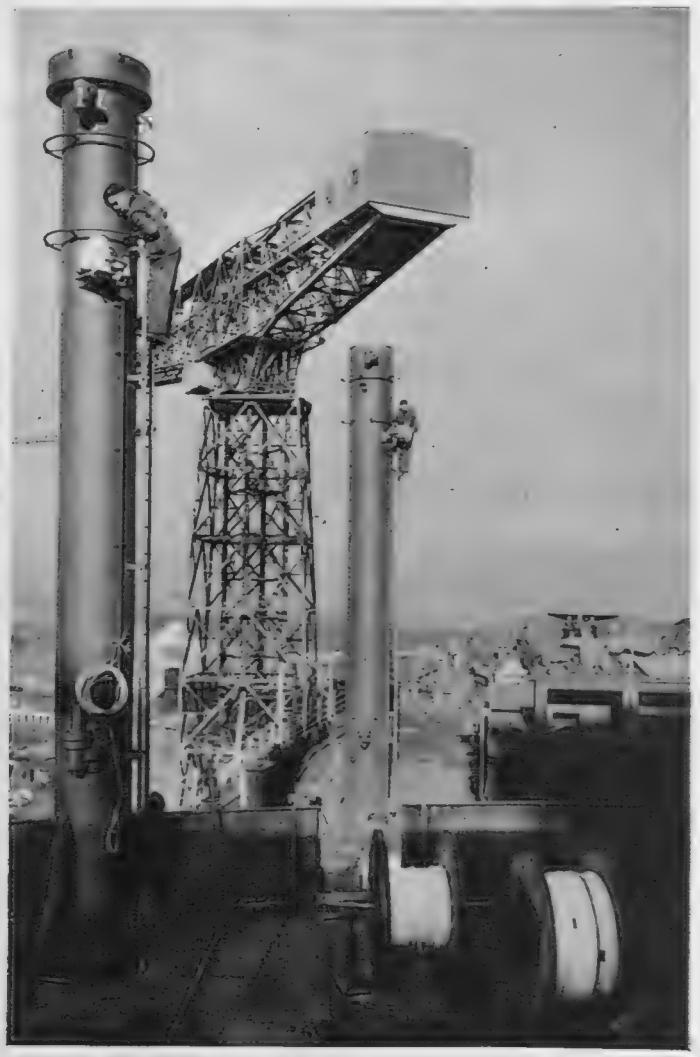
FOUR LANTERNS MAKE A WELCOME REAPPEARANCE: The lanterns over the Peers' Entrance were, for many years, missing from their place. They have now been put in position again, renovated and cleaned. They were used on State occasions only and lit by gas. Now they are to be lit by electricity.

A REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL ENTRANCE: The Peers' Entrance has been restored exactly according to the original plans of Sir Charles Barry and A. W. Pugin about 100 years ago. One of the difficulties of the present restoration has been to secure craftsmen sufficiently skilful to undertake the intricate work.

A NEW LINER FOR THE CANADIAN RUN

The Cunarder "Ivernia" Nears Completion at Clydebank, and Other Shipping News





A SISTER-SHIP TO THE "SAXONIA" IS ALMOST READY FOR LAUNCHING: *Above, left*—A stern view of the new Cunard ship, *Ivernia*, standing in a maze of scaffolding at John Brown's Shipyard at Clydebank. *Right*—A view towards the bows of the new liner. The men seen here are working 120 ft. above the ground. *On left*—Shipworkers rivetting plates on to the promenade deck of the ship. The *Ivernia*, which is due to be launched on December 14, will be of 22,000 tons, and is being built for use on the Canadian run. Construction of the ship is already weeks ahead of schedule and the 3,000 men employed on her have broken records fifteen years old by the speed of their work. She is the second of three vessels being built to travel as far as Montreal, instead of ending the voyage at Quebec.

THE LARGEST SELF-PROPELLED CRAFT ON THE RIVER SEINE: The motor tanker *Electre* is seen passing through a suburb of Paris. This vessel, which was one of the main exhibits at the Salon Nautique—the annual show of river and sea craft—was launched last February and is owned by the Société des Pétroles Shell Berre. This vessel is now in service on a 100-mile run between refineries in the Rouen area and Paris, and carries a cargo of 1,450 tons of fuel oil. This can be discharged by two pumps in four hours. The *Electre* is powered by two 300-h.p. Diesel engines, which give her a top speed of 10 knots. There is accommodation on board for a crew of five and for the families of the three senior officers.

On left—
A FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE HALIFAX DOCKYARD, CANADA: A naval duty-boat, her timbers shattered, is seen after colliding with the Halifax-Dartmouth ferry *Scotian*. Three men on board the naval vessel lost their lives as a result of the accident. The collision occurred during a thick fog and at a time when traffic between the two shores was at its peak.

THE CHURCHILL STORY

An Appreciation of Sir Winston Churchill on his Eightieth Birthday. It can be Truly Said that he is Himself a Large Part of the History of his Times

By CHARLES DIMONT

"TO do justice to a great man discriminating criticism is necessary. Gush, however quenching, is always insipid." The apothegm occurs in a best-seller of 1898—*The Story of the Malakand Field Force*—by a young cavalry subaltern, W. S. Churchill. One feels sure that it is a standard the author still requires to be applied as the world pays tribute to the eightieth birthday of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., O.M., P.C., M.P., and holder of a hundred other never more merited honours and awards. Churchill's place in history is assured and unique. He towers like a colossus over the first half of our century. There is scarce a fraction of the globe which can deny him its debt. Without his energies and inspiration the word "Freedom" would have been expunged from human vocabularies. In the years to come the example of his genius may show the way to imprint it more boldly in our dictionaries.

For the historian, his career is a pre-eminent instance of the folly of prognostication. Who could have foreseen in the rather backward Harrow schoolboy of the 1880's the titan figure of seventy years later—the statesman, historian, essayist, orator, wit and artist, the personality without equal in the diversity of his talents? Who would have dared to envisage in the unsuccessful Tory candidate of 1898 the Liberal reformer of 1910, or in the most-hated opponent of the Conservatives in 1915 their apotheosised leader in the middle of the century? The violent antagonist of the Bolshevik Revolution saved the Soviet people twenty-five years later. The man of the early 1930's, who was believed to be "finished in politics," emerged in the following decade through the nightmare darkness as the beacon of hope for the human race. The spokesman rejected by his fellow-countrymen during the most important international conference of the twentieth century recovered their confidence six years later.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL WITH HER TWO SONS: The future Sir Winston is on her left. His brother, John Strange Churchill, on her right, was born in 1880. "She shone for me like the evening star" is a tribute the elder son paid to his mother later in his life. Lady Randolph was an American, Miss Jennie Jerome. Last year, on a visit to the United States, Sir Winston unveiled a memorial plaque on the house in which she was born in Brooklyn, New York. Major John Churchill died in 1947. His daughter, Clarissa, is the wife of Sir Anthony Eden.

It would be idle to predict his future. The abundant powers he first displayed in the period immediately after Gladstone have naturally diminished with the passing of time into the age in which Churchill himself is now The Grand Old Man. But the imagination which motivates him stays as vivid and original as when he first dedicated himself to the "service of the enduring greatness of Britain" on the Indian Frontier and in the Nile Valley so long ago. Churchill will remain a major part of the history of his own times as long as he lives.

He has sometimes been accused of inconsistencies. It is a charge which comes readily from the small-minded and envious. For the inconsistencies—if such they be—are superficial and unimportant. It can be said of Churchill, as of his only historical rival as a parliamentarian, the eighteenth century's Charles James Fox: "too full and whole a man to be consistent and too content and wise to be a failure."

But consistency here means the readiness to temporise and shift from expedient to expedient, which is the hallmark of quarter- and half-beings. Whole men are constant, but according to their full way of living. They must be judged by their own values. Beneath every action of Churchill's lies a unity of purpose. He does not commit himself to a course on grounds of personal gain or in search of popularity. He has been driven, perhaps sometimes unawares, by innate courage, honesty, loyalty and a clear conception of what is right and just. No responsible critic has ever associated him with intrigue, nor is his name connected with any of the multitude of grubby political manœuvrings of the past fifty years. At Versailles in 1919, in a private conversation, he remarked: "I was all for war. Now I am all for peace." This is the consistency of single-minded purpose. Churchill is not a complex character. Every Englishman is a mixture in varying proportions of shopkeeper and poet. Churchill is almost 100 per cent. poet.

Among the gifts bestowed by Sir Winston is a largesse of memoirs relating to his own times. His best biography is autobiographical, from his published writings. By reaching out to the shelves which contain them we can start at the beginning: "When does one first begin to remember? When do the waving lights and shadows of a dawning consciousness cast their print upon the mind of a child?"

Sir Winston's "first coherent memory" is wonderfully in key. It is of a ceremony in Dublin, when he was not yet four years old. His grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, was the Lord Lieutenant and was unveiling a statue. The grandson was taken to stand near him. In the course of his speech, the Lord Lieutenant referred to someone who "with withering volley shattered the enemy's line." These were the words which made the indelible impression on the infant's mind. Nearly eighty years later, looking back at the evil enemy lines Churchill has shattered with his own withering volleys, posterity must not forget its gratitude to the Duke who, by what was presumably a chance remark, had such a profound psychological effect upon the future of all of us.

Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill was born on November 30, 1874, at Blenheim, the ancestral seat of the Duke of Marlborough. His father was Lord Randolph Churchill, the "Tory Democrat" whose disagreements with his own party led to his resignation from the Cabinet twelve years later and, because he "forgot Goschen," the end of his political career. Winston's mother was an American, by maiden name Miss Jennie Jerome. For the boy she always "shone like the evening star," and references to his American blood have been frequent in his speeches in the United States. With his father his relations were somewhat distant. Lord Randolph died in 1895. Many years later the son, with characteristic generosity, wrote: "I feel that I did not at the time appreciate

THE CAVALRY SUBALTERN: Lieutenant of the 4th Hussars, in 1895. From then, his life became "an endless moving picture in which one was an actor."

THE HOME SECRETARY WITH HIS MOTHER: Mr. Winston Churchill in 1911 was already a mature politician. He had been President of the Board of Trade, and in this year he was transferred to the Admiralty. After the death of Lord Randolph, Lady Churchill had married, in 1900, Mr. George Frederick Cornwallis-West.

"£25 REWARD, DEAD OR ALIVE": The Boer Proclamation of 1899, putting their price for the recapture of their prisoner, the journalist Churchill, "dead or alive," who had escaped.

THE LIBERAL REFORMER: The Home Secretary of 1910 was one of the dynamic forces in the introduction of so many social welfare measures by the Asquith Cabinet. He had started Labour Exchanges and trade disputes arbitration.

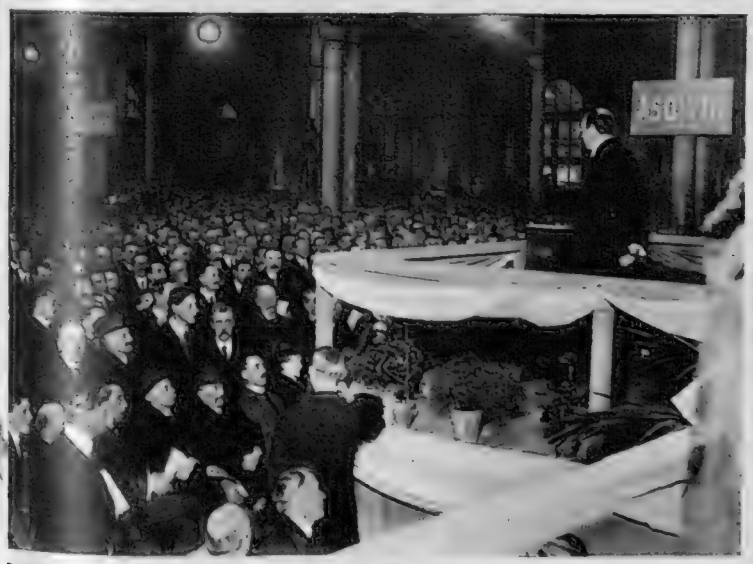
BUDGET DAY, 1910: The Home Secretary walks to the House with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George. This was one of the Budgets at the time of the Lords controversy which led to such bitter animosity.

THE NAVY'S CHIEF: The First Lord of the Admiralty in 1913 leaving an Imperial Defence Committee meeting with Admiral Fisher. "Jackie" Fisher returned to be First Sea Lord when war started in 1914, at the age of seventy-three.

THE SIEGE OF SIDNEY STREET: The Home Secretary, in the centre gateway, himself took charge of the operation by troops and police against armed criminals in this notorious affair in the East End in 1911. The risk was considerable, for one police inspector was mortally wounded.

THE LIBERAL MINISTER WITH LORD MORLEY: "Such men are not found to-day . . . in British politics . . . the tidal wave of democracy and the volcanic explosion of the war have swept the shores bare."

WITH THE ARMY IN 1910: Sir Winston has been at different times First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary for War and Air. He is here with General French (centre) at the Army manœuvres in 1910.



THE FIGURE WHICH HAS DRAWN CROWDS TO HIS MEETINGS FOR FIFTY YEARS: A speech at Alexandra Palace in 1913. The boards proclaim the names of his two chief Liberal colleagues—Asquith (Prime Minister) and Lloyd George.

A PIONEER OF FLYING: Mr. Churchill, reported "The Sphere" in 1914, "has gained a practical knowledge of aerial vessels, and his encouragement has created intense energy in the naval flying department. Timorous colleagues seek to dissuade him from flying, whereupon he flies the more."

how much he thought and cared for me." But there are few finer monuments of piety than *The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill* by the "inappreciative" son. Lord Rosebery referred to it as "perhaps one of the half-dozen best biographies in the English language."

The young Winston was at first taught by governesses. By one of those amazing coincidences, which are only credible in real life, one of the governesses, Miss Hutchison, on leaving the Churchills was employed by a family in Putney named Attlee. The eldest son, Clement Richard, has recalled in recent years how much he heard from his governess about a "very determined little boy, Winston Churchill." It is a pity Miss Hutchison never wrote her memoirs. The instructress of two future Prime Ministers and rival political party leaders would have been a governess with something worth relating.

Churchill was born great in the sense that his relatives were members of that exclusive late-Victorian society of noble families who still largely controlled politics. But in his first twenty years it would not have been easy to discern the capabilities which later enabled him to accept greatness when it was thrust upon him. However his description of his career at Harrow must be read with reserve. It is contained in *My Early Life*, which, for its combination of impish humour and calculated understatement, makes it a classic of its kind. He may have been dull at mathematics and Latin, but he already possessed a phenomenal memory, on one occasion winning a prize open to the whole school by reciting the 1,200 lines of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Above all, he progressed in his studies in the English language. "The only thing for which I would whip boys is for not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that."

My Early Life will always be one of the basic books in the Churchillian literature. Among its gems of self-portraiture is the author's story of his advent into

(Continued on following pages)

THE CHURCHILL STORY—Pictures from "The Sphere," 1906 to 1914

1906. MR. BALFOUR'S GREAT OPPONENT—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT MANCHESTER: "WE ARE GOING TO WIN!" He had left the Tories over the Tariff issue. In the General Election he pursued Balfour and Chamberlain all over the country.

1912. THREE HEADS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A meeting at Malta between Asquith, the Prime Minister; Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty; and Kitchener, the Consul-General of Egypt. Churchill had transferred to the Admiralty in 1911.

On left—
1913. A SNAPSHOT AT THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: The First Lord with his wife on their way to watch "the Battle of Daventry." They were married in 1908. This was the point at which Churchill finished his book, *My Early Life*, with the concluding words: "... September 1908, when I married and lived happily ever afterwards." Lady Churchill's maiden name was Clementine Hozier. Her father was Sir H. M. Hozier, K.C.B.

On right—
AUGUST 1914. THE MEN WHO ARE DIRECTING BRITAIN'S NAVY: The First Lord with his two highest Executive Officers. The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, not quite forty years old; Rear-Admiral Charles Madden, Second-in-Command of the Home Fleet; and, on the right, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. From the outbreak of war the First Lord supported Jellicoe in his strategy of aggression against the German Fleet.

(*Continued from previous page*)

public affairs. While a cadet at Sandhurst he went into action against the Purity Campaign of a Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who aimed at "cleaning up" the London music-halls. The climax was an incident in the Empire Promenade in which Cadet Churchill made his "maiden speech," inflaming a mob against those who would deprive them of their pleasures. However in the end his efforts were of little avail. From this episode he drew the philosophic deduction: "It seems even more difficult to carry forward a revolution than to start one." In 1895 he was gazetted to the 4th Hussars. From that year, he wrote in 1930, "I have never had time to turn round . . . an endless moving picture in which one was an actor." And in the twenty-four years since 1930, how more packed his time has been.

In the total of sixty active years, Sir Winston has spent a fifth of them participating—in one way or another, as he might say—in wars. This has led to an opinion, which has gained some currency, that he "enjoys" wars. The precise opposite is the truth. He has always been a fierce fighter in the causes in which he believes. Once convinced of their rightness, he has championed them without counting the cost to himself, from opposing tariffs to encompassing the downfall of Hitler, from revealing the weaknesses of British Army organisation to proclaiming the need for unity among the free nations of the world to-day. But of what war means to those involved in it he has never been in any doubt since his earliest campaigns in Cuba, India and the Sudan.

In the '30's his warnings against Hitler were uttered not to win any selfish reputation, but because he saw, more clearly than any one else, the approaching danger of "horrible war, blasting in its devastation the prosperity of the world," leaving "broken hearts and straitened means." It is not always realised how much store he set by the League of Nations nor how

1906. THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS—A SPECIAL STUDY OF THE TREASURY BENCH: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Prime Minister, is standing at the Dispatch Box. Seated from the left are Mr. John Burns (Local Government Board), Mr. Winston Churchill (Under-Secretary, Colonial Office), Mr. Asquith (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Morley (Secretary for India), Mr. Augustine Birrell (Board of Education), Mr. Herbert Gladstone (Home Secretary), Mr. Haldane (Secretary for War), Sir Edward Grey (Foreign Secretary), Sir Henry Fowler (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), Mr. Lloyd George (President of the Board of Trade), and Mr. Bryce (Chief Secretary for Ireland). It was Churchill's first Governmental post, and his chief was in the House of Lords. In the forty-eight years since then, Sir Winston has held ten Ministerial portfolios. He has been twice Prime Minister and Minister of Defence and twice First Lord of the Admiralty.

On left—
1910. THE GOVERNMENT FRONT BENCH: Asquith's Liberal Ministry. From the left—Mr. McKenna (Admiralty), Mr. Herbert Samuel (Postmaster-General), Mr. L. Harcourt (Works), Mr. Lloyd George (Exchequer), Mr. Asquith, Mr. Birrell (Secretary for Ireland), Mr. Winston Churchill (Home Secretary), Mr. Haldane (War), Sir E. Grey (Foreign Affairs), and Mr. John Burns (Local Government Board). Lord Samuel is the only other survivor with Sir Winston Churchill of this Government.

bitterly he regretted its failure after the Abyssinian crisis. Circumstances eventually thrust him into the position of a war leader. As such he can only be possibly paralleled by one other, his chief in the later stages of the First World War, Lloyd George. For a brief comparison of the qualities of these two Prime Ministers, no one can do better than refer to the essay by Mr. L. S. Amery, in *W. S. Churchill, Servant of Crown and Commonwealth*, recently published by Messrs. Cassell.

Churchill's reputation, like that of the Younger Pitt, must rest largely upon his conduct of unsought war. But the study of Churchill as a Minister in times of peace should not be neglected. As Under-Secretary and, later, Secretary for the Colonies, he brought imaginative common sense to the development of the British Commonwealth. As President of the Board of Trade he initiated some of the beginnings of what is now seen as the Welfare State, including the start of Labour Exchanges and the machinery for dealing with trade disputes. At the Home Office, where he is best remembered for his characteristic leadership in the "Battle of Sidney Street," he took a profound interest in prison reform. With Asquith he was a Home-ruler for Ireland. To Lloyd George he was regarded as "Chief of Staff" in the controversy over the House of Lords, which inflamed such violent passions and made them both detested of the Tories.

One of the most fascinating "ifs" of history is what would have happened to Churchill had there been no war in 1914. He would still have made a unique and lasting impression. That much is certain. In such a fantastic speculation one sees a figure emerge who combines all the qualities of those fortunate Ministers in peace, Gladstone and Disraeli, to the lasting benefit of the nation.

Sir Winston has always been an inflexible fighter. But he is a poor hater. He possesses generosity to a degree rare in the annals of politics. It is repugnant

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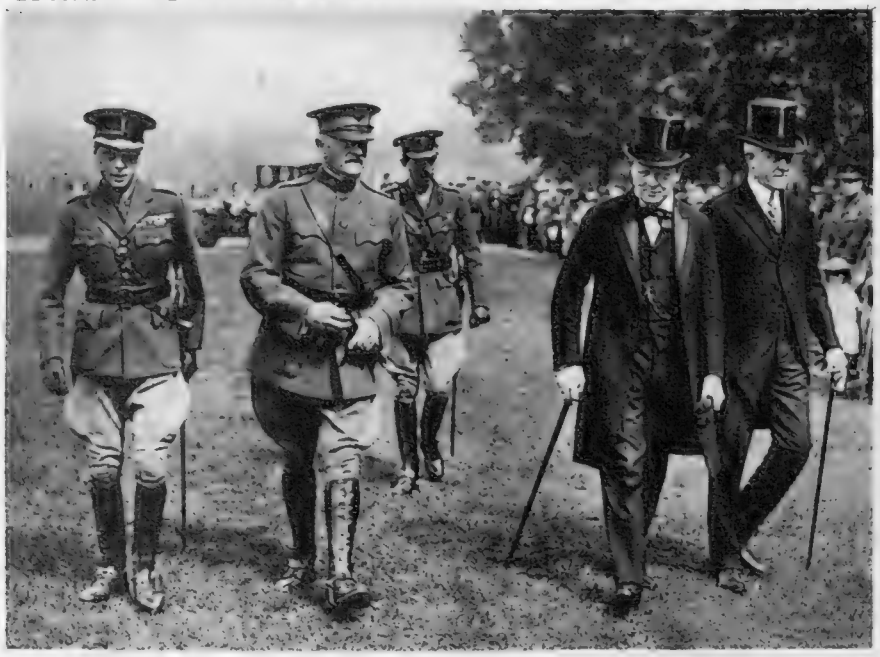
THE CHURCHILL STORY—The Inter-war Period and the Second World War



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR AND AIR : Arriving for an Investiture in Hyde Park in 1919. From the left—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force; the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill and Mr. J. W. Davis, American Ambassador in London. After his departure from the Admiralty in 1915, Churchill had gone on active service to the front. He could have attained high military rank, but was recalled to the key post of Minister of Munitions.

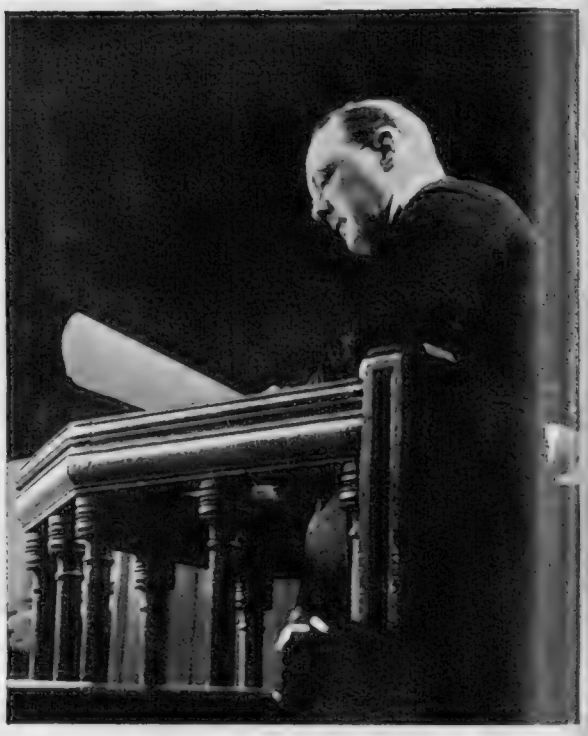
On left—

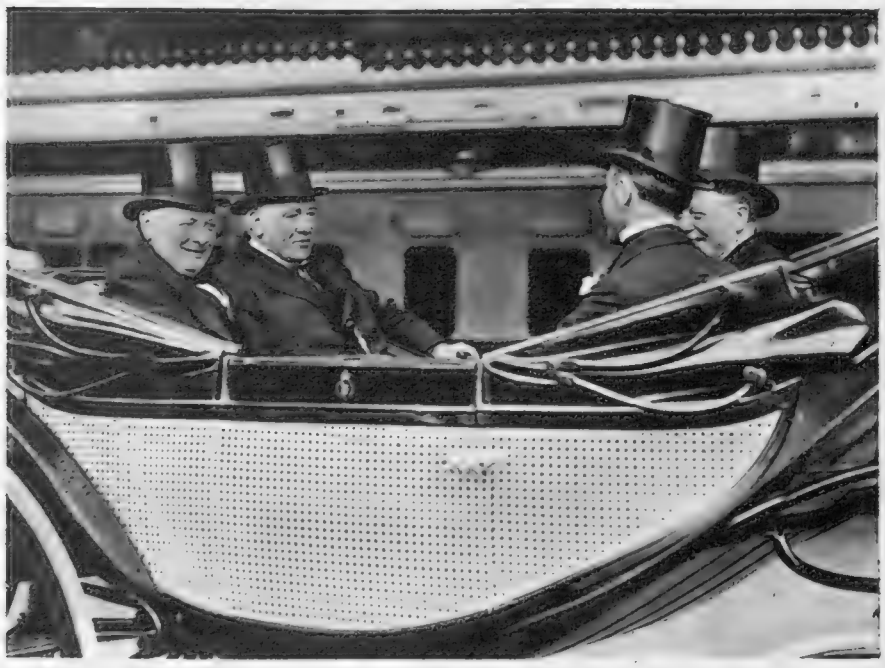
THE FIRST OCCUPATION OF GERMANY : The Secretary for War and Air reviews troops of the British Army at Cologne in 1919. Sir Winston first visited Germany for manœuvres before 1914. He never had illusions about "the deadly, drilled, docile, brutish masses of the Hun soldiery."

AN EARLY BROADCAST : The Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1928 broadcasts a short statement about his Budget from the B.B.C.'s 2LO station. From his earliest talks over the wireless, Sir Winston developed a highly individual technique, which he employed to immortal use in the years of the Second World War. Then his was the voice inspiring the nation and reaching over the oceans to convince the hesitant, uplift the captives and answer with unshakable confidence the German boasts of invincibility.

On right—

THE "FATHER OF THE TANK" : Giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors in 1919. While at the Admiralty in 1914 Mr. Churchill had given his whole weight to further the development of tanks. Thus he was a pioneer of mechanised war.





SMILING IN DEFEAT : Driving from Windsor Station in 1929 to deliver up his seals of office after the defeat of the Baldwin Government, in which he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. From then he went "into the wilderness" until 1939. Sir Winston has received the seals of the many offices he has held from four Sovereigns.

SMILING IN ADVERSITY : Leaving a nursing-home after an attack of paratyphoid in 1932. At the Election of 1922 he had to have an operation and was defeated at Dundee. He recorded : "I found myself without a seat, without a Party and without an appendix."

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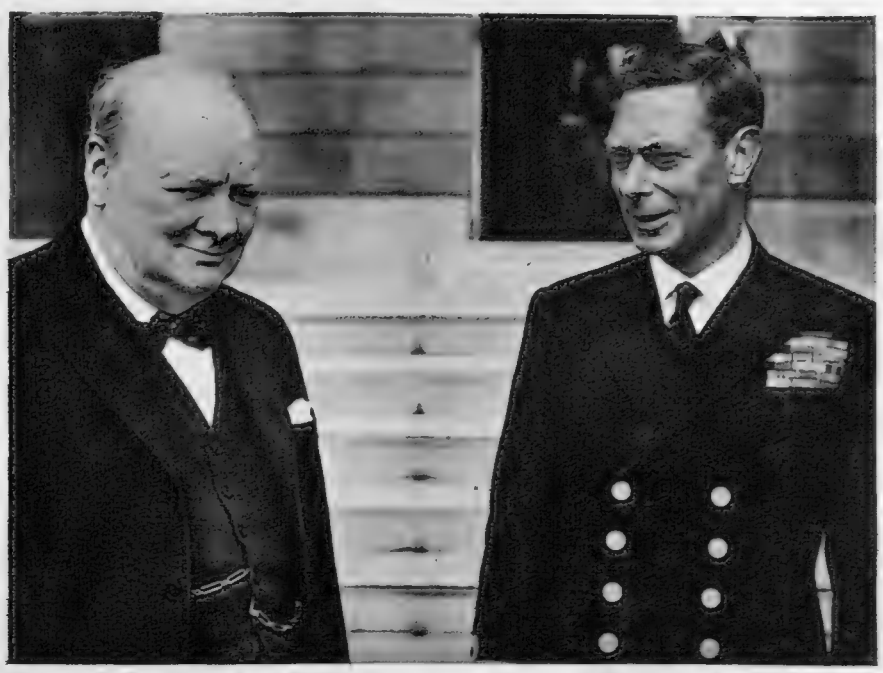
to his natural chivalry to assail a weaker man or to kick an enemy when he is down. Also he sees the common sense of the maxim "a vanquished foe can be transformed into a valuable friend."

After the Boer War he called down the wrath of the House of Commons by demanding reasonable terms and a just settlement for South Africa. In the '20's he pleaded for a proper understanding with Germany. To-day, ten years after the fight to the death with Hitler, he insists again on Germany's right to a place in the community of nations. There is no inconstancy in any of this.

The generosity has extended even more widely in his personal relationships. After the Battle of Omdurman, in his book *The River War* he rightly criticised certain sides of Kitchener's conduct. When the young soldier-journalist turned up in South Africa for the Boer War, the Army commanders, Roberts and Kitchener, were understandably displeased to see him. But he soon became friendly with Roberts, who grew to recognise the worth of his political campaign for Army reforms in the early twentieth century, and Kitchener appreciated his grasp of military affairs long before they were Cabinet colleagues in 1914. It was Kitchener who consoled Churchill in the black hour of 1915 when political intrigues forced him from the Admiralty: "At least the Fleet was ready. They can't take that away from you." At different times he has been the opponent of almost all the political parties. Few who have crossed swords with him have not been casualties in the cut and thrust of parliamentary debate. But off the floor of the Chamber he has no foe who is, like himself, a good House of Commons man. (Every Member, whatever his views, has no stouter champion of his rights and privileges than the present Prime Minister.)

To the outside world he and Mr. Bevan are implacably opposed. Yet recently there have been occasions within the Palace of Westminster when

WITH GENERAL SMUTS: Of his erstwhile foe who became a close friend Sir Winston said: "He seemed to be one of the most enlightened, courageous and noble-minded men that we have known in these first fifty years of the century."



THE ADVISER OF FOUR MONARCHS: With King George VI. "The British Monarchy presides, ancient, calm and supreme within its functions, over all the treasures we have saved from the past and all the glories we write in the annals of our country."

A FAMOUS VICTORY: In February 1940 the First Lord (for the second time) welcomes the men of H.M.S. *Exeter* at Plymouth and congratulates them on their part in the victory of the River Plate over the *Graf Spee*.

ACROSS THE RHINE: The Prime Minister in Germany in 1945. Behind, on the right, is Field Marshal Montgomery. Unlike Hitler, Sir Winston insisted on visiting the front.

A MASTER OF THEIR CRAFT: Talking with Press correspondents in Germany in spring 1945. Sir Winston's output of newspaper articles has been prodigious. Had he no other claims to fame, he would undoubtedly be celebrated as the world's No. 1 journalist.

IN ACADEMIC OFFICE: As Chancellor of Bristol University he conferred honorary degrees during the Second World War on two of his Socialist colleagues. Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, on the left, and Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty.

THE BIG THREE IN 1943: With Stalin and Roosevelt at the Teheran Conference. With Roosevelt he had a close personal friendship. Stalin he described, during the war, as a "great, rugged war chief, with a complete absence of illusions of any kind."

Sir Winston has been known to give the Member for Ebbw Vale a private greeting or message.

Political gossips often read all sorts of significances into these occasions. In fact, the answer is simple, as it always is with Churchill. Bevan, whatever may be thought of his opinions, is a fighter. Sir Winston has always respected men of his own kidney. This was why he never had any respect for Hitler. How could he feel anything but contempt for a so-called leader who never moved without being surrounded by a brigade of policemen and, during the war, never went into a bombed area until the bombers finally penned him in Berlin.

Sir Winston has held more Government offices than any other man of this century. He has been in all the posts traditionally carrying Cabinet rank, except Foreign Secretary and the now extinct Secretaryships for Ireland and India. This vast store of experience often manifests itself in his utterances to-day. There is hardly a parliamentary topic on which the Prime Minister cannot speak from personal knowledge of its administration. This occasionally irritates experts who regard themselves as specialists, not to be questioned on their own subjects. Hence the allegations that he is "no administrator." But no Department of State has not felt a tonic breeze when he has been in charge, as countless Civil Servants will testify. His methods are naturally unorthodox. In times of pressure the files are distributed with the urgent tags marked "Action This Day." (Note the Churchillian touch "this day," not "to-day.") During the last war the replies to these memoranda had to be compressed into "not more than one sheet of paper."

Churchill does not interfere. He both gives and receives confidence. But he has the impressionist artist's eye for significant detail. The appendices to his books on *The Second World War* demonstrate how, even in the darkest and most hectic periods, he could still

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SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR

THE KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: *Left*—Arriving at the Ethiopian Embassy wearing the Garter round his knee. He was attending a reception during the visit of Haile Selassie last month. *Right*—In his robes after his installation as a Knight of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in June. Lady Churchill is behind on the right. No one living can match his thoroughly-deserved list of medals, decorations, honours, awards, orders, honorary degrees and memberships and freedoms.

STILL UNSPARING IN HIS TRAVELS: He visited Washington in July and is pictured here with President Eisenhower and a group of members of Congress. In his War Memoirs he wrote: "I express our admiration of the firm, far-sighted and illuminating character and qualities of General of the Army Eisenhower."

IN CANADA WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN: In Ottawa in July. As long ago as 1938 Sir Winston described him as "the one fresh figure of the first magnitude arising out of a generation ravaged by the war." It is widely assumed Sir Anthony will succeed as Leader of the Conservative Party if the Prime Minister decides to retire.

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find time to send out instructions about such minor but important points as the establishment of the famous apes on the Rock of Gibraltar, or the welfare of some particular military unit. Many are the stories of his demands for clear, simple English from officials, instead of meaningless circumlocutions.

His position as the first orator of his own times is unassailable. The sole dispute, a purely academic one, is how he compares with the other supreme English orators of the past. Gladstone was often long-winded and ambiguous, which Churchill is most definitely not. Disraeli seems sometimes to lack heartfelt sincerity. He could never have made a speech to rival "Their Finest Hour." Palmerston tended to bully his audiences. Wellington had no finesse. It was a weakness which was a strength in the Duke, but in him alone. Burke was a bore except on paper. Chatham is too far away from us and lived in an age of such classical rhetoric that comparison is impossible. The only competitors seem to be Sheridan and Fox. But with Sheridan one would have to add the proviso "when he was sober," which in his latter days was not often.

An imaginary debate between Churchill and Fox is one of the delights of fantasy. Fox maintained, in his shorter career, a terrific standard, often appearing to speak extempore. Churchill's oratory, taken over its sixty years, tends to be uneven. Fox never failed for a word. Churchill, at the start, had to overcome a speech impediment. But on his occasion Churchill has probably never been equalled. The speeches against Hitler in the '30's rank with those of Demosthenes against Philip and Cicero against Catiline. The war speeches which followed are the most inspiring and moving appeals to a nation ever uttered. Shakespeare had to write poetry of his own for Henry V at Agincourt. Dramatists who would deal with the years 1940 to 1945 have merely to go to *Hansard* or the reliable newspapers for their noblest passages.

In the modern medium of radio, Sir Winston is certainly the World's No. 1 broadcaster. (But no one should try and imitate his technique, which contravenes all the conventional canons of broadcasting.) During the war he, not Hitler, was *The Voice*, reaching over the oceans, convincing the hesitant, uplifting captive populations and answering with unshakable confidence the boasts of Germany by a constantly repeated belief in the complete victory of the Forces of Freedom.

Practically every book dealing with public affairs since 1900 has an entry in its index against the name Churchill, W. S., usually a compendious entry. The compilation of an adequate Churchill bibliography is a task requiring a team of scholars. Added to this there are, of course, the works by his own pen, some of them running into several volumes. The first, *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*, appeared in 1898. The most recent, the concluding volume of *The Second World War*, was published this year. This is his latest book, but by no means his last. According to present plans, the opening volume of his next work should be published in about twelve months. This is a *History of the English-speaking Peoples*, a theme which could find no more suitable author.

RECREATIONS AND RELAXATIONS: Throughout his life, Sir Winston has filled his leisure with an astonishing variety of interests. *Left*—At work on the building of a wall at Chartwell in 1930. *Centre*—At a boar hunt in France in the late 1920's. *Right*—A member of the House of Commons polo team in 1925. He was then aged fifty-one. He began playing polo in India in the 1890's.

Inevitably, individual tastes in Sir Winston's literary works differ. Some have their favourites in the contemporary chronicles—*World Crisis* and *The Second World War*. Others prefer the monumental biographies of his great ancestor, *Marlborough*, or *The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill*. Others again opt for the early works, which contain so much of Sir Winston's formative life-story. There is even a novel, *Savrola*, which originally came out in serial form in 1897. The author has declared: "I have consistently urged my friends to abstain from reading it." But judged by the standards of Disraelian fiction prevailing at the turn of the century, this is unnecessarily harsh self-judgment on the "Tale of the Revolution in Laurania." No one could say it was dull.

The criterion of any writing is in its content and its style. Sir Winston draws for his content from the profundity of his experience. His style has developed a strong individual tone, which differentiates it from other masters of the English language. He has certain favourite words. "Sombre" is one; "abundance" another, and he prefers to impart "tidings" rather than "news" or "information." Gibbon has been his literary Gamaliel. Most critics also trace a strong influence of Macaulay. (But Churchill has neither Macaulay's pomposity nor his facility of debasing truth for a partial diatribe or a turn of phrase.) One suspects that Walter Scott has contributed not a little to the fuel of Sir Winston's literary genius.

He was twenty-two when "the desire for learning came upon me." The cavalry subaltern, according to his own evidence, assimilated beneath the Indian sun such diverse authors as Plato, Aristotle, Schopenhauer, Darwin and Malthus. Unusual reading for a soldier at any time. Since then, in spite of "never having time to turn round," he has somehow managed to be far better read than the great majority of his countrymen.

THE HON. ACADEMICIAN EXTRAORDINARY: This picture, taken in the south of France in 1933, shows him at his pastime about which he has written a book.

THE OLD WARRIOR: In the uniform of an Air Commodore at a Biggin Hill fly-past in 1951. He began his career as a soldier and first experienced war in Cuba in 1896.

Of his many other interests, much has been written. Sir Winston himself has given us a book upon his best-known pastime, painting. One would not be surprised to learn that among his unpublished papers is a manual on bricklaying and building; or an essay on the culture of goldfish. His wit is already legendary. There is little doubt that there will be as many collections of *Churchilliana* as there are now of the epigrams of Wellington.

A privileged few of the younger people to-day must treasure until the end of their lives a memory which they will relate proudly to their progeny. They are those who have seen Sir Winston in his eightieth year in the House of Commons. It is perhaps three o'clock in the afternoon. Question Time is in progress. Suddenly in the attack and counter-attack of query and reply there is a pause. From behind the Speaker's Chair moves a massive, silver-haired figure. The hush is perceptible as he turns, and with an impressive dignity bows to the Chair, which, apart from the traditional respect, seems to be an expression, as it were, of the service to popular Government to which he has dedicated himself throughout the years. The spell never fails to work, although it is an almost daily occurrence during the Session, for Sir Winston, unlike some Prime Ministers, has never neglected the House, not even in the most critical periods of war. It is not too fanciful to see behind the banks of the living members the ghosts of the departed great parliamentarians murmuring, too, their tribute of applause.

At the end of his youthful novel *Savrola*, the author quotes "a splendid sentence" from his favourite Gibbon. "History is little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." But how much more criminal, foolish and misfortunate the record of our times would have been without the presence for these eighty years of Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill.

On left—
THE PATRIARCH AT HOME: Sir Winston and Lady Churchill with their grandchildren at Chartwell in 1951. On her grandfather's knee sits Emma Soames, daughter of Mr. Christopher Soames, Sir Winston's son-in-law and Parliamentary Private Secretary. The others in the group are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill.

MAINLY FROM LONDON

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND

On left—

BUILDING HIGH IN BIRMINGHAM: A view of a twelve-storey block of flats recently erected at Duddeston, in Birmingham. Tenants will be charged £2 9s. a week, and this will pay for central heating, a constant supply of hot water and a refuse-disposal system. This latter consists of a receptacle in the sink where rubbish is placed by the householder. The refuse is then automatically taken down to the basement, where it is dried and burnt. Birmingham authorities, like those in many other heavily-populated areas, are faced with a land shortage. By erecting many-storied buildings it is hoped that this problem will be partly solved. Since the war 40,600 families have been housed in Birmingham.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON—THE PROPOSED NEW HOME FOR SOME OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM: This proposal has been made by a committee, of which Lord Ebbisham is chairman, to the Court of Common Council. The Gresham Committee, responsible for the Royal Exchange, have agreed temporarily to house part of the museum. It is thought that the move will take place early in 1955 when an exhibition of some of the finds at the Temple of Mithras is contemplated.

THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD CELEBRATION IN THE CITY OF LONDON: *Above*—A service being held at the Church of St. Olave, Hart Street, to commemorate the fact that Princess Elizabeth, later Queen Elizabeth I, gave thanks at a church in that parish after being released from the Tower of London. *On left*—From left to right are the Rev. A. Powell-Miller, Rector of St. Olave's; Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, Viscount Templewood, the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, Sheriff L. B. Prince and the Earl of Athlone. They are seen leaving the church after the special commemoration service, which they attended.

A TANKER TAKES A DIP : Salvage workers are seen recovering a 1,000-gallon Shell-Mex tanker from the River Lea, at Bow, where it fell after skidding along a towpath. The driver escaped from his submerged cab and was taken to hospital suffering from cuts and shock. He was not detained.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL : Sir Thomas seen with Sir Robert Mayer before conducting one of the children's concerts at the Festival Hall. With them are some of the children from the audience. This was the third concert in this series. The next concert is on December 11.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL AT MOLINEUX, WOLVERHAMPTON : This was the game in which Wolverhampton Wanderers shattered the myth of Russian invincibility by defeating the Spartak team by 4 goals to 0. In this picture the Russian goalkeeper, M. Piraev, is seen punching clear a ball coming in from a corner-kick. At half-time there was no score, but early in the second half the first goal came, and then, in the final minutes of the match, Wolverhampton scored three more goals in quick succession, amply repaying the earlier defeat of the Arsenal.

On left—
AN EXHIBITION IN LONDON TO HELP CROFTERS IN SCOTLAND : Seen at the Highland Home Industries Exhibition at the Tea Centre, Regent Street, are, from left to right—Major McCallum, the M.P. for Argyll ; Mrs. Stirling, chairman of the Highland Home Industries (Inverness) ; and Mr. Hartley, chairman of the International Wool Secretariat. They are examining a fabric in the McFarlane tartan. The aim of the exhibition is to assist crofters to earn a living from their produce.

On right—
AN INTERNATIONAL WOOD-CUT EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : "The Seven Ages," by Edgard Tytgat. This is the first time an international exhibition of Contemporary Colour Woodcuts has been held : 121 artists from twenty-five countries are participating.

"PINOCCHIO" IS PERFORMED FOR LONDON SCHOOLCHILDREN : Pupils of the Conway Junior School in Gallosson Road, Plumstead, are seen watching the play which is being performed by the children's section of the Theatre Centre. This was the beginning of a fortnight's tour during which the company visited many schools in South-East London. For the performances of this play, written by Brian Way, director of the Theatre Centre, the audience are invited to take part, warning Pinocchio and his father, Gepetto, of dangers and giving them advice.

BICYCLE RACES AT SADLER'S WELLS : A scene from the new ballet, *Café des Sports*, which is presented by the Sadler's Wells Ballet following their South African tour. Leading this dreamy-eyed string of cyclists is Maryon Lane, a South African ballerina, who dances the part of an urchin who rides her lover's cycle to victory in a cycle race after he has fallen. The choreography is by Alfred Rodrigues, and music by Anthony Hopkins. Decor and costumes have been designed by Jack Taylor, a young man who until recently was a navvy.

The Sphere of Travel

IN THE TRACK OF WILD BIRDS

Some New Suggestions for Wintering in the Sun; Holiday-making Along and Near the Shores of the Mediterranean

By GORDON COOPER

EACH year, when the grimmest months of winter loom close ahead, there comes to many of us a desire to vie with the birds and to seek that lodestone, a warm sun. Their sensible example, indeed, deserves emulation especially as air transport can now waft us in a matter of hours to many of those spots where there is already in January and February the first promise of spring.

In former years, about this time, I have in these pages sung the praises of the French and Italian Rivieras as popular coasts where blue skies in winter are reasonably sure. I do so again, for to many people these romantic playgrounds satisfy every need. Resorts such as Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton, Bordighera, San Remo and Nervi cater for most tastes and offer an extraordinary variety. One thing, however, they have in common: a dream-like setting—a setting with an almost tideless sea lying at the foot of snow-capped mountains; a "picture" sky of brightest blue radiating cheerfulness; and fantastically lovely trees and flowers, coloured rocks, white villages and ancient hamlets combining to complete the lure to this land of enchantment. No one goes to these places to moralize—merely to enjoy themselves in a gilded and tolerant vacuum and in a delightful climate.

I have likewise told of the pleasures of early spring at Estoril, along the Algarve and Andalusian coasts, and in Sicily. There is, indeed, a wide choice of well-known resorts where even a break of a week or ten days can do much to increase our sense of well-being, and which respond to our search for vitality.

But I now want to write about some other places, including a few which were highly popular with English visitors in the past and which have since become rather forgotten. There are, for instance, two delightful towns in southern France which seem to me to have fallen into unmerited neglect, almost obscurity. They are Montpellier and Pau. The former city, whose famous medical school was founded in the thirteenth century by Arab physicians driven out of Spain, was the "Cannes" of the eighteenth century. Its fame is still commemorated in the Montpellier terraces, squares, and so on, to be found in many of our towns. Its climate was, and still is, salubrious and mild, although, like many other places in southern France, it experiences on occasion the chilly blasts of the *mistral*.

John Locke, the philosopher, resided in Montpellier for several years on account of his asthma. Tobias Smollett, the author of that delightful classic, *Travels in France and Italy*, was a visitor—a rather quarrelsome one, as some authors are, for he relates at length of his angry disputes, in the form of letters written in Latin, with the local doctor. Then there was that assiduous and observant Suffolk farmer, Arthur Young, who was highly impressed with the place, although he states that Béziers (60 miles to the south-west) was a more favoured residence with the English. This was, incidentally, in 1787, only two years before the French Revolution.

I like Montpellier, for it is far livelier than most French provincial towns. It is, indeed, an important cultural centre, possessing in its Fabre Museum an outstanding art collection, while it has also the oldest botanical gardens in France. It is a good centre, too, from which to explore many interesting places in Provence, including Nîmes, Arles, Tarascon, Aigues mortes, and St. Gilles. There are good hotels.

Pau, once the ancient capital of the little kingdom of French Navarre and Béarn, has a situation which is perhaps scarcely surpassed by that of any other town in France. Its view over the chain of the western Pyrenees is breath-taking. Its popularity with British visitors continued until the outbreak of the last war, and the considerable extent of our patronage was demonstrated by its varied attractions, which included an English Club, a subscription pack of hounds, resident English physicians, English and Presbyterian churches, a golf course, and even a cricket club. As it has a delightful winter climate and a number of good hotels, I consider it well merits renewed attention.

PAU, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF FRENCH NAVARRE AND BÉARN: This town in southern France has a delightful winter climate and its view over the western Pyrenees is breath-taking. Its popularity with British visitors fell off in 1939 but Mr. Cooper considers the town merits renewed attention.

Switzerland in winter is mainly a holiday land for those seeking winter sports. But not everyone can ski—nor even want to; in fact, some people dislike snow, not only when it turns into slushy puddles and wets their feet, but even when it is presented as a pure, white mantle. Lugano, Locarno and Ascona are, however, three very pleasant places where you get an early spring and which offer warm sunshine in congenial surroundings. They are all easily reached from Milan, which is well served with air services.

Dubrovnik is the only place on the Dalmatian coast I would care to recommend for a holiday in winter and early spring. In view of its crowded popularity in summer, this is, in fact, an excellent period of the year to visit one of the most fascinating towns in Europe. I would even claim that there is nothing quite like Dubrovnik to be found anywhere in the world. Both the Argentina and the Imperial Hotels are open in winter, and they can be recommended. Apart from the delights of the old town itself, this resort also offers opportunities for excursions along a lovely littoral, especially to the south. Budvah, a fishing-village, encircled by high defensive walls and containing a maze of tiny streets, is the most attractive place in that stretch. A few miles further south is the curious coastal village of Sv. Stefan. It is undergoing considerable reconstruction, the intention being to create there a kind of Dalmatian "Capri." It will not, however, be ready to receive resident guests until the summer of 1955.

It is a curious traveller's complaint, amounting almost to an obsession, that often the places to which he most wants to return are not always those offering the "soft" comforts considered as being essential by travel agents. In my own case, Crete is an outstanding example. It is an island whose unique enchantments I have only briefly enjoyed, but which have whetted my longing to return at leisure, in order to explore the remains of its wonderful past.

The first sight of Crete is unforgettable: a rock-bound coast of cliffs with razor-like edge rising sheer from the sea and apparently without an opening. The boat from the Piraeus calls first at Canae, and next at Heraklion, the capital. This latter town was badly damaged during the war, but it is an excellent base for excursions—Knossos is only a few miles distant—and it has its well-arranged museum, one of the most fascinating in Europe. The recommended hotel is the Candia Palace—do not expect, however, a luxurious caravanserai, for the establishment is modest but comfortable. As spring comes early to Crete, I consider that archæologists would be well satisfied. (There is also an air service linking Athens and Heraklion, but, surely, one would want to approach this classic island by sea.)

Warmer in the earlier months of the year than Crete is Rhodes. You might even be able to bathe there in February. The town of Rhodes, capital of the Dodecanese, is enough, if there were nothing else on the island, to warrant a visit. The new town, with pleasant residential streets and parks and with solid public buildings in Venetian Gothic style, encloses in its encircling arms the old town of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, who were at one time called the Knights of Rhodes, and at another the Knights of Malta. This is the best preserved medieval town of the whole Mediterranean, clearly surpassing in appearance that other stronghold of the Knights, Valetta. It is completely surrounded by deep moats and a crenelated wall with eight gates, and shows evidence of Byzantine and Turkish occupations before and after the period of the Knights.

At the town's highest point, reached by walking up the superb *Street of the Knights*, is the *Palace of the Grand Master*. The palace is an imposing spectacle, though made distinctly odd by Mussolini's ministrations. Elsewhere on the island are the three ancient Rhodian cities of Ialyssos, Lindos and Kámiros. Each is vastly interesting in its individual way. In the town of Rhodes the pleasant Hotel Thermai is open in winter, but not the more luxurious Hotel des Roses. There are regular air services between Athens and Rhodes, also, of course, shipping connections.

My last holiday suggestion for Greece is Corfu, the jewel of the Ionian Islands. Its agreeable climate, the tropical vegetation and charming scenery make the island a pleasant resort for tourists and artists. The population, which is of extremely mixed origin, is particularly friendly and hospitable. There is even a cricket club, a relic of that period (1809–64) when it came under British rule. Corfu is best reached by overnight boat (Typaldos Line) from Brindisi. There are two first-class hotels, the Corfu Palace and the Astir.

No mention of winter sunshine resorts is complete without reference to North Africa. My own recommendations, in a nutshell, are Agadir, Biskra and Marrakech (in order of preference). There is no need, I think, to be deterred from visiting any of these places by reason of newspaper reports on local troubles.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

French Government Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *W.1*.
Italian State Tourist Department, 201, *Regent Street*, *W.1*.
Portuguese Official Bureau, 20, *Regent Street*, *S.W.1*.
Spanish Tourist Office, 67, *Jermyn Street*, *S.W.1*.
Back's Travel Service, 56, *Coram Street*, *W.C.1* (*for North African travel*).
Greek Travel Agency, 203, *Regent Street*, *W.1* (*for Greek travel*).
German Tourist Information Office, 6, *Vigo Street*, *W.1*.
Austria State Tourist Dept., 49, *Dover Street*, *W.1*.

ON THE COL DE BRAUS CIRCUIT BEHIND MONTE CARLO: This snake-like road forms part of the annual Monte Carlo Rally. In his article Gordon Cooper gives some new suggestions for wintering in the sun, but at the same time continues to recommend the French and Italian Rivieras, for to many people these romantic playgrounds satisfy every need.

EXPLORING THE WINTER BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND ON SKIS : Three winter holiday-makers on the lower slopes of the Ben Lawers mountain massif in the Scottish Highlands above Loch Tay. Beyond is the Loch na Larig road, and in the background the rocky peak of Tarmachen.

SKI-ING IN SCOTLAND

Where Favourable Conditions Last from November Until Well After Easter

Ski-ing is possible in Scotland from November until well after Easter, but early in the season advantage must be taken of the snow whenever and wherever it falls. In November or December lasting snowfalls blanketing the heights are rare, but the skier looks rather to the building-up by successive falls of deep runs in the gulleys and on the slopes of the mountains sheltered from the south-west wind. Only towards the end of December can good conditions normally be expected. During January and February there will be, except in the most unusually mild winter, adequate snow in many places between the Great Glen and the central plain of Scotland, but weather conditions in these months are frequently rigorous and the days short. It is from the middle of March onwards, when the snow has become consolidated and granular, the days longer and the sun warm, that the best ski-ing can be enjoyed. The snow lasts almost always into the middle of April. The famous Scottish Kandahar Race is held at Easter in the Cairngorms, near Aviemore, and after hard winters there has been ski-ing throughout the summer.

The Scottish Ski Club includes among its services the issue of information on snow conditions and weather forecasts specially applicable to the mountain areas and of interest to skiers. This information is published on Saturday mornings in the leading Scottish daily papers. The Scottish Home Service, too, broadcasts a special report on Friday after the six o'clock news.

The London headquarters of the Ski Club of Great Britain is sent information every Friday by the Scottish Club, so that intending skiers may have at least some idea whether the long journey for a week-end in the Highlands will be worth-while. If the report is good and the night train is taken from King's Cross, there is breakfast in Aviemore and two days in the Cairngorms ahead.

A little closer, and certainly more handy for the town dwellers of the central plain of Scotland, is the Ben Lawers mountain massif above Loch Tay. The slopes of Ben Ghlas, the peak adjoining Ben Lawers itself, are the most popular in the Highlands. The Scottish Ski Club have established a hut there at 2,600 ft. and have simple ski-lifts operating on the steep sides of Ben Ghlas and Coronaich. There is also a "weasel," an ex-Army tracked vehicle, which carries equipment and members from the highest point at about 1,550 ft. on the Loch na Larig road (where there is a large area suitable for car-parking) to the hut.

Besides the Lawers group and the Cairngorms there are other recognised ski-ing districts, Dalwhinnie, Glen Shee and Glen Coe, and many other places less known and less used, but equally good.

We spent a week-end last winter in the Lawers area. Accommodation is to be found in Killin, about six miles from the mountain. The principal hotels provide facilities for skiers, and have, in their own interests, of course, set themselves to encourage a sport which brings them winter visitors. The hotel at which we stayed was warm and comfortable, and there was an abundance of hot water for baths when we came in tired from our day's exertions. Skis and boots about the hall gave the impression of a winter sports resort and almost all the guests were skiers. The hotel has skis and ski-sticks for hire. In addition, the food was good and plentiful, a matter of the first importance after strenuous days in exacting conditions.

G. and M. Berry

A HAVEN BELOW BEN GHLAS : The Scottish Ski Club hut at 2,600 ft., with the great mountain rising steeply beyond it. The Ski Club operates simple ski-lifts on Ben Ghlas and Coronaich.

EASY APPROACHED BY ROAD : Visitors to the Lawers area unloading skis from the roof-rack of their car in the car-park on the road near Killin, at 1,550 ft.

THE CASTLE-HOTELS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

While the opening of privately-owned historic homes in Britain and France is almost entirely confined to daily visitors, their counterparts in Germany, and also to a certain extent in Austria, are being developed as castle or château hotels in which you can lodge for a night or longer. Their prices are generally moderate, and they make a special appeal to motorists for, of course, they are not always easily accessible to other forms of transportation. Many of the castles also offer restaurant facilities for passing travellers.

These castle-hotels are to be found in Baden-Wuerttemberg, Rhineland and Hesse, northern and southern Bavaria, and in north and central Germany; while even in the Western Zone of Berlin the former Wrangel Castle and the former Panwitz Palace—the latter in the delightful Grunewald area—have become small-hotels.

Apart from the geographical position of the thirty-odd German castles now offering "bed and breakfast," the visitor in search of an unusual holiday centre has also the choice of a variety of architectural styles and historic links. The Castle Langenberg, north-east of Stuttgart and seat of the Princes of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, is of the Renaissance period; the Castle Friedrichsruhe (Neckar Valley) is in the baroque style; and the Castle Lauenstein, north-east of Coburg, dates back to 915. Several of the castles, in fact, are 1,000 or so years old, and some of them are rich in art collections. There are castles, too, which offer sports facilities, such as trout-fishing, riding, and, in one case, a nine-hole golf-course. You can get a list of the German castle-hotels from the German Tourist Information Office.

In Austria, the province of Salzburg is especially notable for its stately homes offering accommodation to paying visitors. At the Schlosshotel Fuschl, a former hunting lodge of the Prince Archbishops of Salzburg, and later owned by Ribbentrop, you can sleep in rooms once occupied by Hitler and Mussolini. Hitler's room, however, is in great demand by American visitors. I recently stayed at a one-time hunting lodge of Goering's by the Leopoldsteinersee, in Styria. The twenty-eight bedrooms had adjoining bathrooms. Goering only paid one visit to this particular home. It must have been one of the most costly visits in history.

LOOKING DOWN ON MENTON AND, STRETCHING AWAY IN THE DISTANCE, THE ITALIAN RIVIERA : This is one of the important winter resorts in France, as it enjoys one of the mildest climates on the Riviera. That part of the town familiar to visitors stands on the shores of two bays, with steep hills rising in the background.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

POMP AND HERALDRY OF THE PAST; ENGINEERING AND INTELLECTUAL FEATS OF TO-DAY

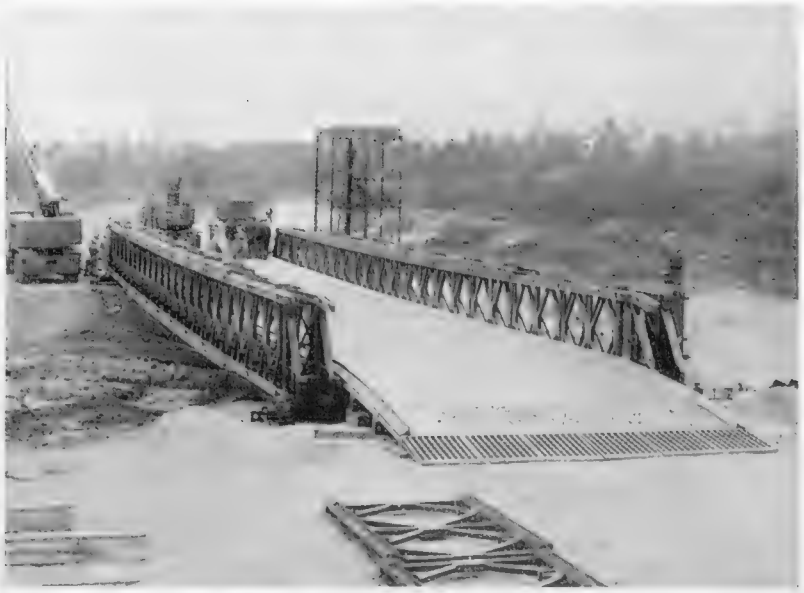
A SCOTTISH DAM WHICH IS IMPORTANT TO INDUSTRY : A general view of the Loch Laggan Hydro dam between Fort William and Newtonmore, in Inverness-shire. The Monadhliath Mountains can be seen in the distance. The Loch Laggan dam supplies electric power to the aluminium works in the industrial town of Fort William.

On left—

THE QUEEN'S BEASTS PERPETUATED IN A WHITEHALL MUSEUM : Models of the Beasts, which "guarded" the Annexe to Westminster Abbey at the time of the Coronation, have now been added to the United Services Museum in Whitehall. In the showcase, on top, is the Lion of England bearing the Royal Arms. Below, from left, are the Falcon of the Plantagenets; Griffin of Edward III; Bull of Clarence; Unicorn of Scotland; Dragon of the Tudors, and the White Horse of Hanover.

On right—

A LONDON FACTORY COMPLETES A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR A NEW YORK CHURCH : Mr. Colwyn Morris, who has drawn all the cartoons for the 30-ft. window, at work in a London studio. The window has been made for St. Thomas's Church, Fifth Avenue.



THE ARMY'S NEW BRIDGE ON WHEELS : This picture shows the new heavy girder bridge in position with the decking down. A feature of this bridge, which has been designed by the military engineering experimental establishment of the Ministry of Supply, is that sections can be assembled under cover and moved to the bridging head on bogies. Once on the site, the sections are joined and slowly pushed over the gap to be spanned.

A MUSEUM OF COSTUME : This picture shows a wing of Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, the home of Lord Abergavenny. This part of his seat has been transformed into a museum of costume. It has been founded by Mrs. D. Langley Moore, who has formed a collection of costumes and accessories, illustrative of the development of British fashions through the past two centuries. It will be open to the public next year. Lord Abergavenny has given the museum its buildings free of charge.

QUESTION-TIME IN THE FESTIVAL HALL : At a meeting organised in London by the Hansard Society, 1,600 schoolchildren were given the opportunity of hearing prominent politicians answer questions on parliamentary matters. From left are Mr. Hugh Gaitskell; Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education; Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall, Chairman of the Hansard Society, who also took the chair at the "Brains Trust"; Mr. Herbert Morrison and Sir Robert Boothby. One of the questions asked was when, if ever, a Member of Parliament was justified in voting against his own Party.

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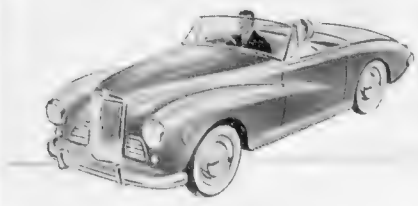

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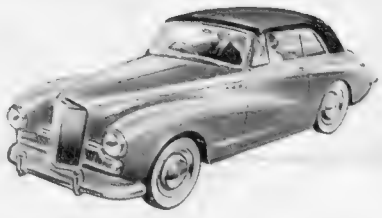

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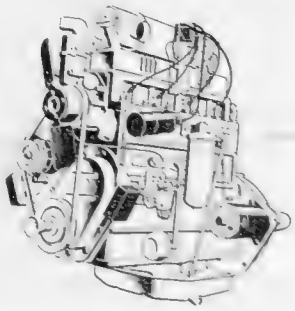

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NEAR THE PROPOSED SITE AT RICHMOND: A view from the old Ham gravel-pits of a Thames lock, and the basin where barges used to tie up to collect gravel. The gravel-pits have been proposed as the site of a Thames-side yachting centre. The proposals have been deposited with Richmond Town Planning Committee.

Plans for a Thames-side yachting centre have been deposited with the Richmond Town Planning Committee, which has deferred consideration of them until the site has been inspected. The proposal, sponsored by private persons whose names have not been revealed, is that the disused Ham gravel-pits be converted into a centre for sailing on the Thames. The site comprises some 20 acres between Ham House and Eel Pie Island, and it is claimed that it contains sufficient water for sixty residential yachts. Included in the plan are slipways, repair yards, ship-chandlers' premises, and a two-storey building containing a dance hall and a restaurant. The sponsors hope to start their scheme with a working capital of £15,000, and to establish the centre at a cost of about £30,000. Some of the land around the gravel-pits would have to be used to provide some of the proposed amenities for the centre. A part of this is owned by Surrey County Council, who proposed to develop it as a children's playground; while other parts of the land had been allocated by Richmond Borough Council for housing. Though the scheme is obviously still in its infancy, it is easy to recognise its imaginativeness and its potentialities.

A YACHTING CENTRE ON THE THAMES

An Imaginative Proposal for the old Ham Gravel-pits at Richmond

A SAILING CENTRE FOR LONDONERS? A view of the Ham gravel-pits, which comprise some twenty acres between Ham House and Eel Pie Island. Some of the land around the old pits will be required if the yachting centre plans are adopted.

NOW THE PITS PROVIDE PEACEFUL FISHING: An angler at the Ham gravel-pits enjoying the November sunshine. It is claimed that there is sufficient water at the pits to provide permanent mooring-places for about sixty residential yachts.

THE FIRST PINE GROSBEAK TO BE RINGED IN SCOTLAND: Miss Winifred Flower holding up the bird found by her and two companions.

A PINE GROSBEAK IN SCOTLAND

The Unique Ringing and Photographing of this Rare Bird on the Isle of May

ORNITHOLOGY ON THE ISLE OF MAY: Mr. Douglas Scott, one of the party which found the pine grosbeak, releasing a blackbird, one of fifty to be ringed by the party. On his right Miss Flower is seen holding a redwing ready for release.

WHERE THE RARE BIRD WAS TRAPPED: The ornithologists found the pine grosbeak in a walled garden to the left of the Isle of May lighthouse on top of the hill. Few previous reports of this bird in Britain have been regarded as authentic.

Because three Glasgow ornithologists, Miss Winifred Flower, Mr. Douglas Scott and Mr. Tom Weir, were stranded by south-west gales on November 8, a new bird was recorded for the Isle of May, that famous bird migration station on the Firth of Forth. Disconsolately watching the waves, they became suddenly excited when they saw, battling over the sea, battered almost to a standstill, small parties of birds fighting against the wind to land in twos and threes. They came from the north against a south-west wind, and soon, wherever the ornithologists walked, they were disturbing blackbirds.

A merlin hawk, some woodcock, flocks of fieldfares, and a few redwings were other arrivals, but the biggest thrill was a strange finch of rusty-iron colour with a strong and heavy bill, strange to this country. The ornithologists were agog. Eagerly they took notes of its top-heavy appearance, the grey colour of its wings, its dark little legs and longish notched-tail. But it flew away and left them wondering. And though they caught and ringed many blackbirds, one woodcock, a wren, some redwings, a fieldfare and a few starlings, they pondered over the question of the identity of their strange bird.

Was it a grosbeak? The evidence pointed that way, but famous as is the Isle of May for rare birds, no previous record existed of a visit from this bird of the northern forests of Sweden, Finland, Russia and Siberia. Such a rare migrant seemed too good to be true, and the ornithologists did not jump to conclusions.

But next morning they were up early—made a drive over the island and ensnared some more blackbirds in the large bell-mouthed traps. Only when they were clearing the birds from the catching-boxes did they notice a strange bird feeding at the mouth of the trap. It was *the* bird. In considerable excitement they approached it; by an amazing stroke of luck caught it, and proved beyond any doubt that it was *Pinicola enucleator*, the pine grosbeak and the first to show itself to ornithologists in Scotland for photography. There is one sight-record of the pine grosbeak from the Spey area, but the record is not very well substantiated except as a visual record by one ornithologist. Whether the bird is a female or immature male has not yet been determined.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SIR WINSTON'S GRANDFATHER

"The Fabulous Mr. Jerome" is the Biography of the Premier's American Maternal Ancestor; "Walter Scott" by Hesketh Pearson; and Other New Publications

ABOUT seventy years ago, a grandfather was saying of his snub-nosed, red-haired grandson: "Let him be. Boys get good at what they find to shine at." This particular boy was Winston Churchill and his grandfather, Leonard Jerome of New York. THE FABULOUS MR. JEROME (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a biography of this remarkable figure who dazzled his contemporaries and became a legend in his lifetime. It has been written with appropriate spirit and liveliness by Miss Anita Leslie, his great-granddaughter.

Mr. Jerome had beautiful daughters and one of them, Jennie, was to marry Lord Randolph Churchill and become the mother of one of England's greatest men. But Jerome was also a considerable character in his own right who speculated in terms of millions and, on the whole, won; who built stables and an opera house in Madison Square in the 1860's and added a house in front of them, where champagne and eau-de-cologne ran in fountains at parties, and who loved well-bred horses at least as much as the pretty and well-known women with whom his name was constantly connected. Nobody on quite this scale seems to exist any more and the world, if not the poorer, is demonstrably the greyer for it.

Some forty years earlier, however, a man of even more astounding *réclame*, and with a great literary basis for his world-wide fame, was making social history nearer home. Sir Walter Scott occupied a place in Scottish, English and European society in the first decades of the last century that was only equalled by Lord Byron's. He was famous; he was, though his fortunes fluctuated, rich, and his gift of spontaneous kindliness had the same breath of genius in it as his writing. WALTER SCOTT (Methuen. 21s.) is Mr. Hesketh Pearson's admirable biography of a personality that should be as well known as his books: a prodigiously creative writer who could scale the peaks of story-telling or turn out a work so indifferent that a critic might justifiably write:

"On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man was slain,
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

HIDE AND SEEK (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is a wartime memoir by Mr. Xan Fielding who, from 1941, when he was landed from a submarine on the coast of Crete, was a British agent there and later in the south of France, which he reached in this case by parachute. When the Allied landings were made on the Riviera he was in a Gestapo prison under sentence of death, but escaped with the help of another agent, a woman, who herself survived the war to be murdered in a London hotel. Mr. Fielding, although candid about his moments of terror, writes as if he recognised a real attraction in a life of guerilla warfare and, with no shadow of doubt, as if he appreciated the Cretan friendships which he holds to this day.

Miss Gertrude Stein, who had her own way of doing everything, once wrote *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, but THE ALICE B. TOKLAS COOK BOOK (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is all that lady's own work. In these pages you will find no helpful hints for the hurried housewife on how to prepare a snack for three friends with no materials but a tin-opener and a tired anchovy. On the contrary, the recipes of Miss Toklas and her friends, who have contributed some equally luxurious ideas, are apt to call for hours of preparation, exact supervision and such items as pints of heavy cream and eggs by the dozen. There was not one, I must add, that I didn't want to try myself, even if my part in the creation should simply be the passive one of eating. Typically, the recipes are interspersed with notes of travel and reminiscence, or annotated with such tart observations (at the end of a particularly lush sweet recipe) as: "There are people who like it a lot."

THE START OF "THE STORY OF MR. KORAH": This is one of Rex Whistler's drawings which illustrate the story told by Christabel Aberconway. The sketches from which the coloured drawings were made were finished by Rex Whistler soon after the storyteller had finished her modern interpretation of the Old Testament story of Korah, Datham and Abiram. It tells of the adventures of Mr. Korah after he had fallen into a great cleft. The book is published by Michael Joseph at 10s. 6d.

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is, besides being a gloriously funny novel, a study of the Army from a recruit's point of view that can rarely have been excelled in wit, conciseness and literal reporting. This is Mr. Alan Hackney's first full-length book, though he has made other successful forays into print, and he is still in his twenties. He is also, whether he likes it or not, on his way to becoming one of my favourite writers. In this novel, for instance, he follows the fortunes of his hero (or victim) through his call-up while still at Oxford, the first days of his induction to military life and a melodramatic and curiously convincing episode of hi-jacking treasure from a German *schloss*. Stanley himself is not so much a thorough-going drip as a youth inevitably on the receiving end of life, and when I say that I don't mean fortunes or cheques or general comfort, but instruction, disillusionment and general pushing around. One of the subtler aspects of this book is that it is unquotable, except in chapters at a time. One of the less subtle aspects is that you should read it for yourself, and enjoy it.

Mr. Frank Tilsley pursues the story of Ted Ellis, a young Labour M.P., and his war career in BROTHER NAP (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) which, by the device of first person narration, manages to achieve an atmosphere of straightforward confidence without, unfortunately, ever moving the reader to feeling. Intellectually, one can appreciate the turns and the irony of each different phase of Ted's life and ambitions; emotionally, the strongest reaction is pity, the most superficial, exasperation. For this, in spite of Mr. Tilsley's incontestable share of talent, lacks the vital spark of his earlier work and the fire that his later work may have. The result is a worthy, well-constructed story about the hypothetical workings of Labour politicians, and that, from this author, is less than we have learned to expect.

THE IMPERFECT MARRIAGE (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) deals with a happily infrequent problem in marital relations. Its author treats the subject with a rather childish directness, and the arbitrary divisions of her novel reflect an author's immaturity, too; but for the most part Edith de Born is to be congratulated on her sincerity, her good taste and the delicacy of her understanding.

The next two books are collections of short stories, of which the first—*place aux dames*—is by that enchanting actress-writer who is France's gift to the London stage. Miss Jeanne de Casalis, in the eight stories of NEVER WILL SHE BE UNFAITHFUL (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), shows that the mastery of moods is not only a thespian province and writes as crisply, as wistfully, as amusingly, as seriously and as incisively as the subject dictates.

LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE CHARLES (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a mildly witty—something this side of hilarious—series of stories by Mr. Nigel Balchin, all involving a worldly and amiable cynic whom one can only hope was really some kin of the author's. Certainly he, or his creator, is to be congratulated on an exceptional memory or an unusual sense of fun, and Mr. Balchin, alone, for the smoothness and ease of his setting down of the adventures.

THE HERO OF SAINT ROGER (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) has all the expected sparkle and verve of Mr. Jerrard Tickell's writing applied to a more serious theme: the regeneration of a Caribbean island that has suffered disaster in a hurricane. Sympathetic, readable, and effective rather than profound.

The next two novels take the reader even further away around the world. Mr. Chesley Wilson, for instance, is a new American writer and he writes of ships and sailors off the China coast in the first year after the war. SWING FULL CIRCLE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is essentially an adventure story and as such has a satisfying complement of action and toughness.

A THING TO LOVE (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), on the other hand, although often exciting in its context, is a reasoned and only faintly emotional examination of one of to-day's bitter conflicts: the Mau Mau situation in Kenya. Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, as we know, has studied her subject, and writes with compassion as well as realism of the real and present horrors that Mau Mau implies.

When authors write quickly, constantly and prolifically it is not surprising that publishers should find the surging energy contagious, and we now have the spectacle of two of Simenon's books being issued on the same day, and each of them containing two full-length stories. The first of the new Simenons is MAIGRET RIGHT AND WRONG (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), and this consists of one of Maigret's better pieces of sleuthing in a Montmartre night-spot. The two stories in VIOLENT ENDS (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) are set in America, where the author himself now lives, and neither has required the services of the most famous detective in French fiction for its solution. They are pretty good, nevertheless. Doubly or, more exactly, quadruply recommended.

Two publications which coincide with the opening of the hunting season are the forty-ninth annual volume of **BAILY'S HUNTING DIRECTORY**, 1954-55 (Vinton. 25s.), *and* **A SECOND TREASURY OF HORSE STORIES** (Hutchinson. 21s.), *edited by Margaret Cabell Self, with drawings by Michael Lyne.*

In **THE VINTAGE MOTOR CAR** (Batsford. 25s.) *Cecil Clutton and John Stanford trace the ancestry of the vintage car with particular emphasis on the years between* 1919 *and* 1930.

THE DECORATION OF ENGLISH PORCELAIN (Verschoyle. 42s.) *is an illustrated description by Stanley W. Fisher, of the painting and printing on English Porcelain between* 1750 *and* 1850.

CARUSO

A Golden Voice, and a Heart of Gold

Wherein lay the particular genius of Enrico Caruso, the eighteenth child of a poor Neapolitan family who underwent long years of struggle before his triumphant debut at the Scala, Milan, with Toscanini conducting? It would seem that it lay in a measure at least in the apparent ease with which he sang great and difficult parts, parts that the celebrated Jean de Reszke revealed as an obvious ordeal. And yet, strangely enough, that golden voice, produced with such a rare facility, brought Caruso no quick reward. Just how long and arduous was the struggle Mr. T. R. Ybarra shows in his new biography CARUSO (The Cresset Press. 18s.), and he shows, too, just how unspoilt was this singer, who was neither soured by the years of hardship nor rendered arrogant by the years of tumultuous, unbroken success. Caruso was without conceit; he was generous and he was devoted to the service of the public whose idol he became. His death was a tragedy of ineptitude on the part of those around him, and this man, whom the world acclaimed so unreservedly, whose voice his wife described as a shower of stars, died at the early age of forty-eight.

When Signora Caruso delved among his New York papers, she came upon a list of 120 persons in Italy whom he had supported. They did not include members of his family, nor close friends whom year after year he had aided without stint. Most of them were men and women who had been kind to him in his years of struggle, and whom he chose never to forget. His wife had never heard of any of them, for Caruso could not see why such matters should be talked about.

Charles Frederick Worth, the draper's boy from Lincolnshire who went to London and made good and went to Paris and made himself famous, provides all the necessary ingredients for a biography in the Samuel Smiles manner, but Edith Saunders has treated her hero, one of the great self-made Victorians, more handsomely than that. In THE AGE OF WORTH (Longmans. 18s.) she traces with skill the elegant background of the Second Empire in France, showing how the stage was set for men like Worth, who had the brains and the energy to take advantage of it. Worth went to Paris at the age of twenty with no other assets than an apprentice's training and the moral qualities derived from an evangelical upbringing. He saw the Revolution of 1848 and, with the coming of the Second Empire, he rose on that wave of prosperity to become the couturier of the Empress Eugénie. Before the age of forty, Worth had become the arbiter of Parisian elegance. Such was his influence that men and women often spoke of the Age of Worth. Royal ladies went as a matter of course to Worth's salons in the Rue de la Paix, the most lavish among them being the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who would arrive with half-a-dozen ladies-in-waiting. One dress for the Grand Duchess meant six also for her ladies. Worth employed a staff of 1,200 at the height of his fame. Even after the fall of Napoleon his reign continued. He remained the greatest minister to feminine vanity the modern world had yet seen, the only difference being that as he ruled the Court in the heyday of Empire, he now ruled the American heiresses who flocked to him in "the degenerate days of the Third Republic."

Eric Barnes, who has had the experience of playing in twenty productions on Broadway and is now Professor of American Studies in the Free University in West Berlin, has chosen a fairy-tale figure of the American stage for a full-length biography. ANNA CORA (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is the story of the daughter of the wealthy Samuel Ogden, who married, almost out of the nursery and unbeknown to her parents, the cultured lawyer James Mowatt. When Mowatt lost all his money Anna decided to restore the family fortunes by going on the stage. It was on June 6, 1845, that Anna Cora shocked New York Society by her unprecedented appearance in the leading role of *The Lady of Lyons* in the famous gas-lit Park Theatre. A star overnight, she embarked upon what was to be a meteoric career, and Mr. Barnes tells the achievements of this radiant heroine with the enthusiasm of a fellow-player.

The scholarly Mr. Ralph Dutton surveys nineteenth-century styles, fashions and tastes in his new volume, THE VICTORIAN HOME (Batsford. 30s.). He shows just how they affected the average home of the day, and he has chosen a really wonderful series of illustrations to emphasise the points which he makes. The Prince Consort, Pugin, William Morris, Norman Shaw and other leaders of Victorian taste play their part in these pages, and Mr. Dutton attempts to evaluate their influence.

Colin Simpson, who has explored the Trusteeship Territory in the hinterland of New Guinea, has produced a grand record of his journeyings in ADAM WITH ARROWS (Angus Robertson. 21s.). The colour photographs of native life are in themselves a fine achievement.

LIFE IN RUSSIA (Longmans. 25s.) is one outcome of the mission of Admiral Leslie Stevens to Moscow between 1947 and 1949, when he was Naval Attaché there. The author took the trouble to look at the world about him during those brief years, and we can be grateful that he has set down what he saw as a factual statement about modern Russia, for the most part leaving the judgment to others.

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S.54

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STAGE No. 2—well under way—is the construction of a converting factory at Warrington with a floor area of 250,000 sq.ft. to give additional production of fibreboard packing cases.

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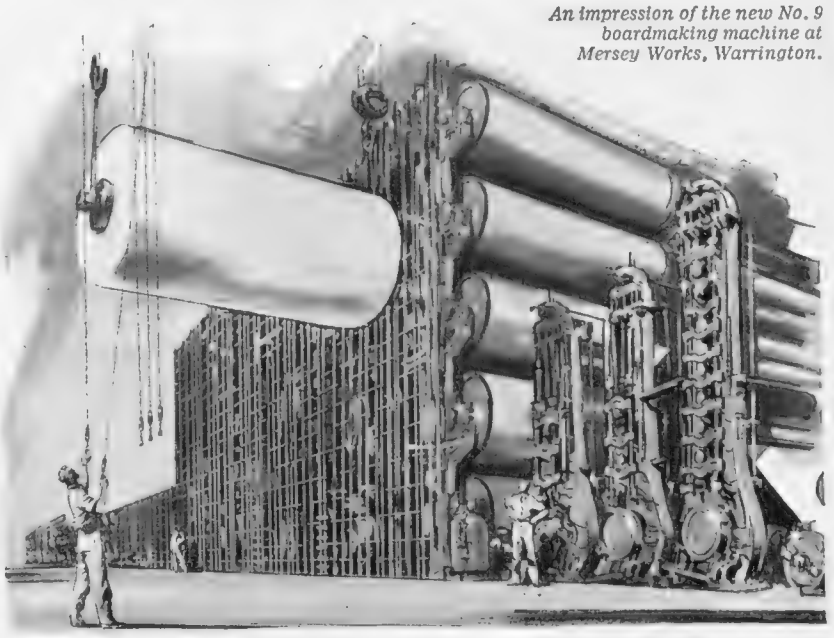
In adding to its own achievements, Thames Board Mills' organisation is ensuring more British packaging for British goods.

An impression of the new No. 9 boardmaking machine at Mersey Works, Warrington.



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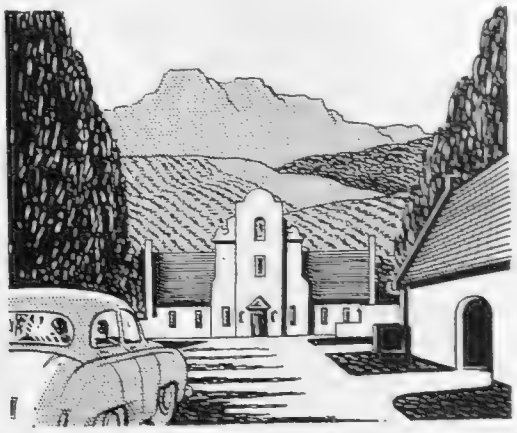

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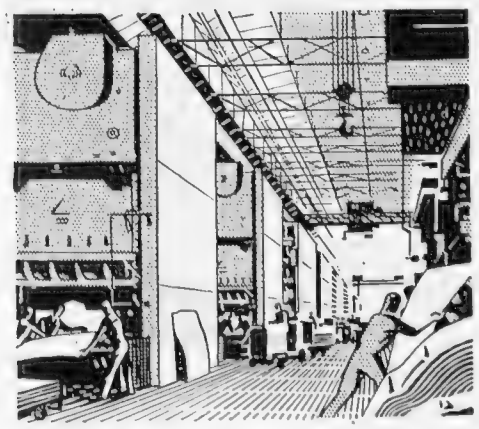

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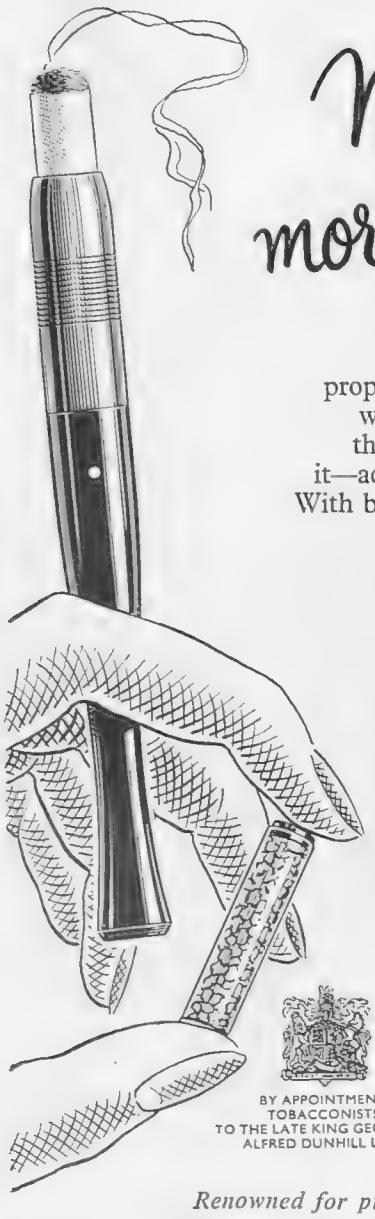

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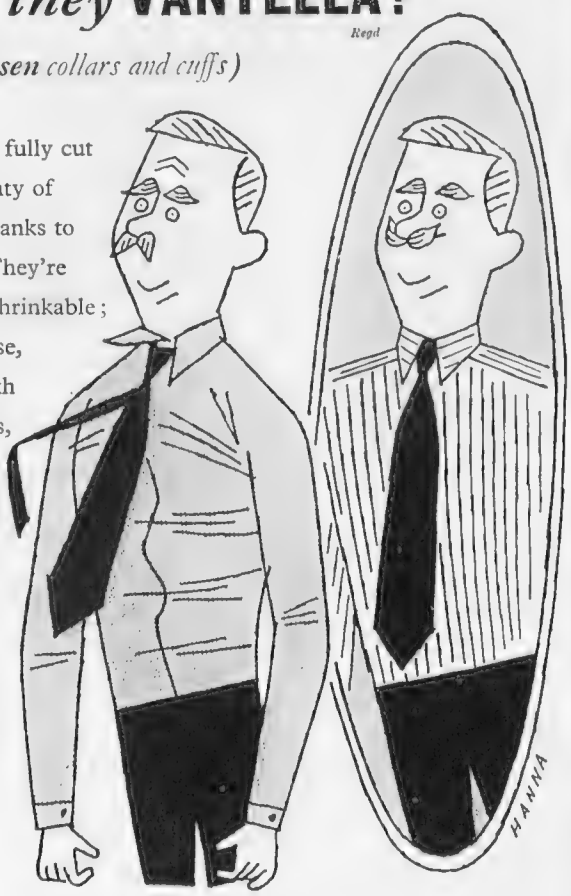

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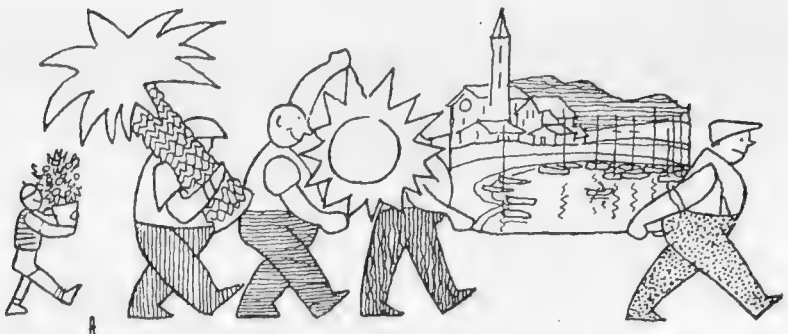

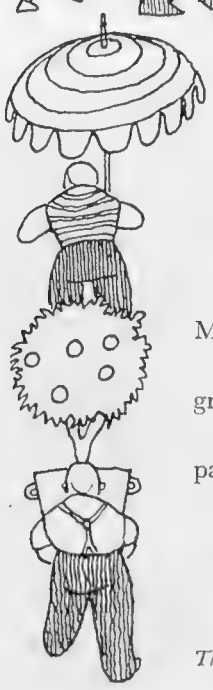

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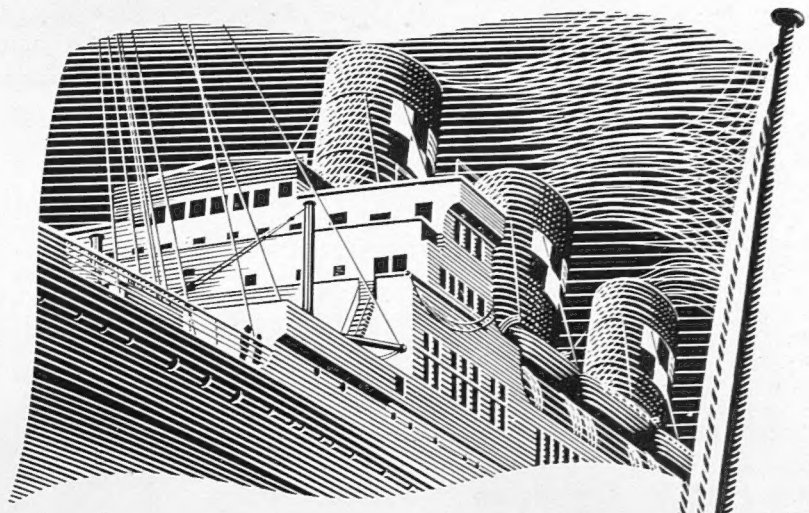

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year"—and who would have it more often, other than children, for with its advent the annual problems arise of presents, provisions, or, if we are not going to be at home or staying with friends, where to spend it.

Expensive it is going to be in any case, for costs are not falling, and if you plan to stay at an hotel, be prepared to pay more, for, contrary to the opinion often expressed, hoteliers are satisfied if at Christmas-time they can make takings balance costs. The latter can be quite fantastic when one assembles the bills for Christmas decorations, crackers, novelties, extra staff, fuel, *and* the biggest item of all, the luxury food which is all part and parcel of the Christmas fare. For all that, no members of the community enter more into the spirit of Christmas than hoteliers. They are out to give, so if you want a break from Christmas housekeeping, or are alone and do not want to feel alone, my suggestion is—spend Christmas in an hotel.

Fortunately there is, at the moment of writing, plenty of choice, though it may already be difficult to get accommodation in certain hotels such as, for example, The Imperial, Torquay, where Christmas has ever been a big occasion. (My advice here is to book up for the New Year week, when Mr. Michael Chapman has, in previous years, put on an "almost replica" of his Christmas week, and presumably will do so again this year.)

For those who are fortunate enough to get a long Christmas holiday, Pengethley Hotel, near Ross-on-Wye, in lovely Herefordshire, is a country-house hotel providing a full programme of entertainment. Admirably run by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas and their family, there will be cinema shows, competitions, Boxing Night dance, and, judging from Mr. Nicholas's description of his turkeys gobbling their heads off in readiness for "The Day," the catering and Christmas dinner will be well worth the journey!

Showmanship plays quite an important part in putting over the festive spirit, and no one more proficient in this respect could be found than Mr. Geoffrey Wright, the efficient and energetic manager of The Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate. I have not his Christmas programme before me, nor do I know if The Old Swan is already full, but it is certainly an hotel well worth contacting on the subject. Harrogate, as a whole, has always had a full house over the Christmas holiday period, and for another hotel providing all the traditional fare, plus a full programme of entertainment, I can thoroughly recommend The Cairn, which the Trust House Organisation are running so well.

On the other hand, if you are less keen on entertainment, but just seek friendship, warmth and good fare, try The Russell, so admirably run by the Misses Bown, in Valley Drive.

The Trust House organisation may well prove a short cut as to where to spend Christmas, with or without entertainment. In the former category I can cite The Berystede at Ascot; the Granville Hotel, Bexhill; New Bath Hotel, Matlock; Esplanade Hotel, Seaford; Shakespeare Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon; Old England Hotel, Windermere; Royal Hotel, Ventnor. If your thoughts are more on the lines of informal entertainment, or no fun and games at all, I recommend you to write to the Trust House Enquiries Bureau, at 81, Piccadilly, London, W.1, for their complete list.

It is curious how seaside resorts which normally have no winter season spring to life again over the Christmas period, and, of course, there is a lot to be said in favour of a brisk constitutional along the sea-front before the Christmas dinner. Hotels which come to my mind—though again I have no knowledge of their bookings—are The Grand at Frinton, on the sunny Essex coastline; The Beresford at Birchington; The Burlington, Folkestone, and The Imperial at Hythe.

Of course, Bournemouth, Sidmouth and Torquay may anticipate the usual bumper Christmas season and, as it is never too late to try, I suggest you contact—*Bournemouth*: The Carlton, which is always well-spoken of; Crag Head (unlicensed) on the East Cliff, and on the west side, Tollard Royal and Bourne Hall, both licensed. At *Torquay*, besides The Imperial, which I have already mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. R. Paul will put on a first-rate show at The Grand. For a less expensive hotel, The Carlton, fully licensed, deserves a special mention, for here again the personal touch of Mr. and Mrs. Stickland and the whole lay-out of the hotel lends itself to a happy Christmas holiday. Among the unlicensed hotels I recommend Anstey's Manor, off the Babbacome road; Vernon Court and Wellswood Hall.

Sidmouth, like its bigger rivals, Bournemouth and Torquay, has an all-the-year-round season, with just that extra influx at Christmas to supplement the residential population. For fun and games you will be well taken care of at the first-class Victoria. "Come and be spoilt" is their slogan, and if you have once experienced this hotel's hospitality at Christmas-time, you may already have booked up.

Another first-class hotel, very suitable for those who enjoy a more leisurely life, is The Belmont, fully licensed but no cocktail bar; no organised programme, but the spirit and traditional fare of the season will be there all the same. For smaller hotels in Sidmouth I recommend The Royal Glen, the Torbay and Cedar Shade Hotel.

I usually get some Christmas enquiries for the Norfolk coast, and as a number of hotels are closed, I take pleasure in referring them to Mr. T. A. Ross, the resident proprietor of The Manor Hotel at Mundesley-on-Sea. For over twenty-five years he has been personally supervising The Manor, and of more recent years The Grand Hotel at Mundesley as well, and no one can speak with more authority of the kindliness of the average weather at Christmas and during the winter than this genial hotelier, who keeps his hotel open for the benefit of those who recognise the health-giving qualities of Norfolk air—which the best turkeys breathe!

In the case of all the hotels mentioned above, immediate application is desirable.

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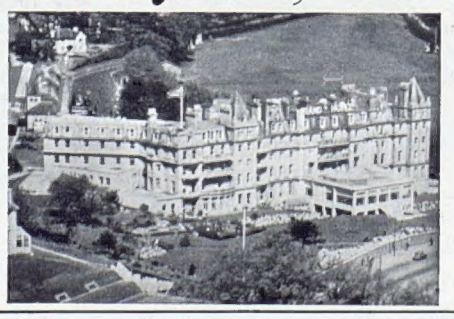
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